THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

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MAY, 1929.

Correspondence—Greece and King Constantine—English Cricket—America and Naval Supremacy—Illiteracy

Topical Comments

Mr. Lloyd George's Unemployment Policy — Sir Ernest Benn

The Aftermath — J. D. Gregory, C.B., C.M.G.

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The Plight of the Shipowning — Sidney Rosa

The New Airships — Pendine

Notes from Paris — George Adam

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The Law and the United States Navy — W. C. Carson Hall

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Some Old Books — L. J. Lloyd

The Five-Foot Tree — Ashley Sloane

"Says Sergeant Murphy" — A. P. Garland

STORIES | Count's Banking Account — C. L. Hobbs
Young Mrs. Galbraith's Residence — Allan Cross

Poetry—Theatre—Books

Index of Contents: p. iii.

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
MAY, 1929

Correspondence

Greece and King Constantine

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I have been away for two months, and have returned to find Sir Arthur Crosfield still writing on a subject in which he has had no instruction. Colonel Sir Thomas Cuninghame, Commander Hubert Cardale, and myself, who were all in Greece by orders of our Government to study and report on the affairs with regard to the Dardanelles, wrote to the *Times* last October and gave, not only our opinions, but also the opinion of Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener, on the question of King Constantine's policy with regard to the Allies, and especially to the Dardanelles. Lord Kitchener said to Commander Cardale that, having discussed the whole question with King Constantine, he found the King was perfectly correct: "I spoke to him as one soldier to another, and when we want them, we can have them on our side, but I told him I would come back again to see him in 1916." Lord Kitchener, on coming home, gave the same opinion to the highest authority, who repeated it to me. I have not met any officer, naval or military, experienced in war and who knew the circumstances, who does not agree with Lord Kitchener's dictum; and this was why the allied Governments refused the offer of one division from Greece in the spring of 1915. Their military advisers understood what we have tried to explain to Sir Arthur Crosfield, but without any success, that it was not the slightest use to *take* Gallipoli if it could not be *held*.

Anybody who wishes to inform themselves on this subject should read the articles by Colonel Sir Thomas Cuninghame, the Military Attaché in Greece in 1915, in the *National Review* of September and October 1928. In addition to this, they can read the letters in the *Times* from Sir Arthur Crosfield on August 22, October 10, and October 24, 1928, and the replies to them by Sir Thomas Cuninghame, Commander Cardale, and myself on September 5, October 15, and October 30.

I am, Sir,
Yours, etc.,
MARK KERR, Admiral.

19 Draycott Avenue, Chelsea.
April 15, 1929.

America and Naval Supremacy

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I congratulate you most heartily on your notes in reference to Anglo-American naval affairs which appeared in your issue of December. It is a refreshing treat to find an editor speaking the truth with courage on this matter. That America's aim is naval supremacy

A BACHELOR'S DEN

The following exquisite quotation is taken from "My Lady Nicotine" by Sir J. M. Barrie.

SOON we are all in the old room again, Jimmy on the hearthrug, Marriot in the cane-chair ; the curtains are pinned together with a pen-nib. and the five of us are smoking the Arcadia Mixture. Pettigrew will be welcomed if he comes, but he is a married man, and we seldom see him nowadays. Others will be regarded as intruders. If they are smoking common tobaccos, they must either be allowed to try ours or requested to withdraw. One need only put his head in at my door to realise that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others.

No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe would be certain to go out. When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia. I ask no one to believe this, for the confirmed smoker in Arcadia detests arguing with anybody about anything. Were I anxious to prove Jimmy's statement, I would merely give you the only address at which the Arcadia is to be had. But that I will not do. It would be as rash as proposing a man with whom I am unacquainted for my club. You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia Mixture.

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by agreement or outbuilding us is abundantly evident. The British Government in their dilemma tried to circumvent it by agreement with France. This failed owing to the utter ignorance of the British public of the real aims of the United States. This ignorance must be dispelled and then the British Government backed by the nation will be able to take the necessary steps to meet the danger of being in naval tutelage to the United States. The clearest way to do this appears to be a naval alliance with Japan. The fatal mistake of relying on the friendship of the United States as when the previous Japanese alliance was broken off, must never be repeated. Moreover, the facts must be made clear quickly lest the British Government, doubtful of public support, be driven to a disastrous agreement. Good luck to your efforts.

Yours,

W. E. HUTCHINSON.

Auckland, N.Z.

The Return of Illiteracy

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Yonker" objects to my comment on the growth of illiteracy, and suggests that in generalizing from insufficient evidence I am guilty of credulity. My answer to him is that the writer of a monthly commentary is not expected to do more than record his impressions. He cannot document every remark. My complaint was not based solely, or even mainly, on the evidence mentioned. Having long had the suspicion, growing near to certainty, that for some reason our educational system was lowering instead of raising the level of intellectual and technical proficiency, I was immensely struck when I found that in the country which has experimented most intensively with Socialist legislation, illiteracy was actually admitted to be on the increase. This is more, and not less, surprising because the standard of literacy in Russia was low in the days of the Czardom. It should be easier for enlightened and beneficent rulers to raise the standards from a low than from a high level.

Your correspondent mentions credulity. I hope he will forgive me if I say, altogether without offence, that it is his letter and not my "comment" which exemplifies "modern credulity." He assumes, and hates me not to assume also, that we are getting wiser and wiser. If he asks any business man, any manufacturer, or any examiner at any university, whether the zeal, ability, and professional skill of the younger generation of clerical workers, the technical skill of the average young artisan, and the academic standard of the young examinees compare with that of the same people thirty or even twenty years ago, he will in at least seven cases out of ten get a negative reply. This is one of those things which cannot be subjected to statistical analysis because *quality* is precisely the factor which statistics never reflect. Unless we are going to ignore quality altogether, we have to be guided by experience, observation, and inquiry from those judgments we trust. All three tests satisfy me that there is a lowering in the standard of quality in the work of the younger generation of wage-earners, and that the falling off is apparently due to a lack of really zealous interest in the work to be done. This lack of interest starts, as far as I can see, in the schools and continues later. I am told that the examiners to Civil

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CONTENTS FOR MAY.

ON SOLWAY BRIDGE, Chap. XV—XVII. By G. E. MITTON
ITALY AND THE INFERIORITY COMPLEX By G. A. MARTELLI
CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE: A Short Story By MURIEL D. BLANCKENSEE
OSCAR WILDE AT OXFORD .. .. By G. T. ATKINSON
THE NOMENCLATIST .. .. .. By SIR CHARLES STRACHEY
GHOSTS OF THE TWILIGHT .. .. By DOUGLAS GORDON
BIGAMY AND THE LAW .. .. By E. BLACKWOOD WRIGHT
ONE MAN WITH A DREAM: A Short Story By J. LESLIE MITCHELL
THE NEW REGIME: OR SCHOOL-THOUGHTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS: A Poem .. By C. H. ST. L. RUSSELL
TUNNEL AND CANAL .. .. .. By B. S. TOWNROE
THE SPARROWFIELD PAPERS: No. 9. PURELY BRITISH. No. 10. DISSIPATION .. .. By F. H. DORSET
LETTERS TO HER SISTER, FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING .. .. Edited by LEONARD HUXLEY
LITERARY ACROSTIC, No. 69

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W.1.

Service Commissions find this also, and, of course, they have a far wider experience than any of my own friends among employers on whom I necessarily rely for my information.

In the light of these, and hundreds of other facts, not abstruse or difficult, but on the contrary within the common experience of everyone over forty, the assumption that the onus of proving the case against modern free education lies on its opponents seems to me typical of a credulous belief in the automatic efficacy of legislation to get the better of human nature. We know from our own experience of the lives of families and individuals that no one values what they get for nothing, and that those among our friends who work hardest are those with the most incentive to do so. Why do we *assume* the precise contrary when we deal with public affairs? We found out during the war that we had a C3 population. The American statistics of intelligence tests—also taken during the war—revealed an appallingly low level. Now we have the Russian statistics. Yet we fondly continue to imagine that our small—by itself admittedly insignificant—experience of the same sort of thing is unique and that we are really getting better and better. Is it rational?

Yours, etc.,

D. J.

English Cricket

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I am glad to notice that your "Current Comments" of last month include some shrewd criticism of our test team in Australia. It certainly seems as if the cares of captaincy destroyed batting ability, to judge from Mr. Chapman and, earlier, Mr. Carr. At least the claims of good fielding are now fully recognized, which was not the case in former years, and the sad but inevitable story of *anno Domini*, though supported by the silly craze for "records" in the popular Press, is being realized. Youth has and must have its chance, particularly among bowlers, and one good bowler is worth twenty good batsmen. This brings me to a query of importance which has always puzzled me. F. R. Foster, as a left-hand bowler of pace, did wonders in Australia. How comes it today that most left-handers confine themselves to slow bowling? Why not fast as well? Has fashion followed Rhodes and his wonderful successes to an absurd extent? Waddington, a fast left-hander, seems of late years on the verge of the Yorkshire team. Of course, he may have gone into league cricket for all I know. I believe the South Africans have a left-hander of the sort, and I expect him to do a good deal of damage. The sinister hand has obvious advantages and goes with a strength equal to that of the right-handed. I hope our cricket coaches will encourage it and encourage pace with it, too. Then we shall be better provided with variety in good, slashing material. Mr. J. C. White, a late introduction to the test team, showed what a bowler of lesser pace can do; the team might have looked pretty silly without him. Give a left hand his cunning and more pace, and England would be vastly stronger. Such bowlers ought to exist, and ought to be found and nurtured.

Yours, etc.,

OLD CRICKETER.

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

MAY, 1929

Current Comments

BEFORE the next number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW appears the election will have been held. At present it looks like being a strangely quiet contest. It has, however, always been the habit of revolutionary politicians to parade before the public gaze the domesticity of their hearths, the simplicity of their tastes, and the purity of their private lives, and we should do well not to be deceived. I do not suggest for a moment that the personal qualities of our parlour Bolsheviks are not as admirable as are those of Lenin, Litvinoff, Zinovief, Stalin, and their friends. It is common knowledge, indeed, that a more pleasant, well-intentioned body of men never occupied the front opposition bench. What is important is that we judge them not by their private lives and their domestic virtues, but by their public utterances and their political principles. To say that these are in marked contrast with the mildness of their personalities is only to say that as revolutionary politicians they are true to type. It is only when the blood begins to flow that the vampires collect. Not till the corpses are plentiful will the vultures appear.

The General Election

IT is the hardest thing in the world to realize that the vampires and vultures who dominate the history of revolutions are merely the camp followers of the amiable professors and ingenious rhetoricians who are the real authors of these events. Yet so it is. It was not Fouquier Tinville, gloating over the blood of his

The Real Revolutionaries

victims, on whom lay the terrible responsibility for so much foul and dishonourable slaughter. It lay with those philosophers and doctrinaires who set themselves assiduously over a period of fifty years to weaken the public respect for those standards and sanctions on which civilized society relies. So it is today. The only difference is that the issues are infinitely graver—so grave, indeed, by contrast with the intellectual stature of the Socialist leaders that it is a little difficult to take the situation as seriously as it deserves. Briefly, the issue is between a party which realizes that men can only maintain themselves in society by their own efforts, and a party which conceives that by a little jugglery with administrative machinery—a committee here, a board there, co-ordination here, control there—the generality of men can safely be relieved of their responsibility for the maintenance of themselves and their families.

The Real Issue

No matter how this issue is obscured by verbiage, it remains. The Conservatives may extend their pension schemes, may ease the burden here, and strengthen there the shoulders which have to bear it. The Socialists may profess, and even seriously intend, to introduce this or that safeguard against the abuse of the rights they recognize. They are, however, irrevocably committed to the maintenance of every man, woman, and child in the State from the cradle to the grave, and no jugglery with words will enable them either to fulfil this responsibility or to deny that they have assumed it.

The Facts of the Case

For the last time I will set out in detail the main and declared objects of the Labour Party's programme.

(i) State provision from subsidized sources for maternity and child welfare.

(ii) Education, primary and secondary, with a higher school age and maintenance allowances for the children.

(iii) Maintenance during unemployment.

(iv) Subsidized houses for those unable to pay the rent of the standard four-roomed house.

(v) Increased provision for sickness and old age.

(vi) Generally, a deliberate increase in the purchasing power of the workers.

All parties wish to see these benefits accruing to the people. The Socialist Party, in proposing to confer them, and in proclaiming its ability to do so, by State action, is striking a blow at the principle of individual responsibility for which it will have to answer in blood and tears if the seed which they are sowing is indeed falling on fruitful ground. Whether it is will be decided before this month is out.

Mr. Sidney Dark

It is for this reason that I disagree with the conclusion of the editor of the *Church Times*, who contributes to this issue a confession of the difficulty he finds in making up his mind how to vote. With much that he says about all three parties every fair-minded man will agree. But the fate of nations is decided not by the moral and intellectual qualities of statesmen but by the principles which they follow. Empires have been founded and wisely governed by knaves and fools. They have been destroyed, almost undeniably, by well-intentioned old gentlemen in armchairs and beardless youths led on to impulsive follies by nothing more than generous enthusiasm.

An Extraordinary Document

Those few people who still care either for liberty or logic would be well advised to read the Report of the Mental Deficiency Committee, which has just been published by the Stationery Office. It is an extraordinary document. When we find on page 10 that "Incomplete Development" (in one class of case) is due to "an inherent incapacity for development," and that mental deficiency, as in these cases, is "*due* to the potentiality for development being insufficient to result in the degree of mental growth necessary," one receives a shock from which it is difficult to recover. When we are further told that, as a result of "recent psychological researches, it is now recognized that independent social adaptation

is largely dependent on the presence of certain inborn capacities and tendencies," and that "the most important of the general factors are 'general intelligence' and 'general emotionality,'" I am frankly a little disgusted. For behind all this pretentious jargon is one thing and one only—the concealment of a fundamental ignorance. What these excellent people are doing is to define one word by another. To say that under-development of the mind is *due* in certain cases to the lack of potentiality for development is merely a scientific way of saying that in certain cases it has been found impossible to find the cause of it. To say that recent psychological researches have led to the recognition of the fact that general intelligence is one of the most important factors which enable a human being to function naturally is only another way of saying that these same researches have failed to discover what is the cause of the difference between a being of normal and subnormal intelligence.

The Significance of the Report

THE point becomes of first-class importance because the committee which are responsible for these extraordinary pronouncements put forward proposals for removing from their homes and their parents literally thousands of children about whom it knows no more than that their deficiencies are due to a lack of sufficiencies and the under-development due to a lack of potentiality for development.

I do not mean to suggest for a moment that in other aspects of the question, and particularly in those cases where modern medical science has succeeded in ascertaining the cause of this arrested mental growth, the committee have no valuable recommendations to make. They have. But they appear to be agreed that there are thousands of cases where no specific cause can be assigned and where, to make matters worse, no cut and dried criterion can be applied. The criterion they suggest is "that a mentally defective individual is one who, by reason of incomplete mental development, is incapable of independent social adaptation." This means precisely nothing at all, either as regards the symptoms or their cause. It is left as a matter of opinion what state of

mental development is incomplete and what measure of social adaptation is sufficient proof of the incompleteness. This would not matter if the whole burden of this report were not to urge that doctors and officials should be given power to go about examining and classifying and ultimately segregating people who, in their view, satisfy this ridiculous definition. There is not a journalist in Fleet Street who would escape. The committee already claim (with astounding naïveté) that the real number of mentally deficient children is 105,000, "rather more than three times as great as the number actually ascertained and certified." Piling Pelion on Ossa, they are hopeful of reaching a total of 300,000, or *eight per thousand of the population*. Such are the rewards of progress.

Inter-Allied Debts

MR. BALDWIN is a lucky Prime Minister, but he is mistaken if he thinks that Mr. Snowden's attack on the Balfour declaration will do the Conservative Party much good. The public do not understand the debt question, and though there is a strong popular prejudice against the attitude of the United States (a prejudice which I do not share) there is no interest one way or the other in the discussion now going on in Paris. On the merits, however, I think Mr. Snowden is utterly wrong. The prosperity of France and Italy is due to their thrift, industry, and good government, not to any saving on the interest which a less generous creditor might have exacted in their debt to ourselves. They have succeeded by failing to follow the example of our politicians, not by failing to pay their debts. Self-discipline, not defalcation, is the secret of their prosperity.

A Curious Remark About Gold

I AM a little surprised to learn from the *Evening Standard* that "gold is simply a token of value, as paper is." Silver and copper coins are tokens, of course, but gold quite certainly is not. It is a commodity the value of which rises or falls in terms of other commodities, just as the value of other commodities rises or falls with that of gold. The peculiar position gold has occupied is due to two accidents. The

first is, that it is virtually impervious to wear (a point of the first importance when gold coin circulated freely, as it has done for thousands of years), and the second, that the world's supply is limited. Nevertheless, it is precisely the fact that it is not a token which causes such immense dislocation when a new discovery of gold is made. The great authority on gold and its peculiarities is Professor T. E. Gregory, who published an admirable little book on the Gold Standard two or three years ago.

Another Great Delusion

THE article which we publish by Poseidon on our new airships puts forward a point of view somewhat similar to that advanced by "Neon" in the "Great Delusion." It is high time that some serious attempt were made by those interested in air development to face the economic issue. As the Government professes such interest itself, it should start by withdrawing all subsidies. It is at least certain that until these subsidies, which do no good to the taxpayer, but merely to the handful of rich people who travel by air, are withdrawn there will be no development of aviation along economic lines.

Election Forecasts

IT is a rash action, but I venture to forecast for Mr. Baldwin a majority between five and twenty-four over all parties. The idea that there is going to be a sweeping turnover of votes is fantastic, and I see no chance of a serious Liberal revival. The moral fervour of the old Liberal Party is to be found today among the disciples of Christian Socialism, and the intellectual prestige which attached to the old class of Liberal leader attaches to no one less than to Mr. Lloyd George. The strength of Liberalism lay in the alliance of Whigs and Radicals, of intellect and energy, of cynicism and moral fervour. To be energetic and cynical is, like patriotism, not enough. That at least is certain, even if the rest of my forecast is not.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Mr. Lloyd George's Unemployment Policy

By Ernest J. P. Benn

We have here three distinct subjects, and no discussion of the matter, as at present before the electors, can be adequate if it fails to separate and examine each of the three. There is first, Mr. Lloyd George; second, Unemployment; and lastly, the scheme or policy announced so opportunely at the moment of an election. If a business proposal is brought before a City man, the first consideration which arises is the personality of the proposer. Questions as to his character, his experience, his past methods are quickly asked and answered. If it appears that his opinion on other similar matters has in the past proved reliable, if estimates have been justified and promises performed, then, and then only, will business men give their time to a study of the new proposals, whatever they may be.

Mr. Lloyd George is to politics what Mr. Gordon Selfridge or Sir Woodman Burbidge is to commerce, if, indeed, the comparison is not something of a libel on those two distinguished men. They are, after all, engaged in honest trade; they have to satisfy their customers and are under the absolute necessity of delivering the goods. But I picture any one of the three, as the sale season or election time approaches, adopting much the same procedure. Mr. Lloyd George will be surrounded with his advertising experts, his local managers, the keepers of his funds, his chorus organizers, his loud-speaker experts, and his newspaper agents in the manner of the great modern financier.

The subject on the agenda is "How to attract the public?" The discussion turns on the dressing of the windows. Shall it be Coal, Russia, China, Empire, Free Trade, Peace, Economy, Agriculture, League of Nations, Land, Roads, Reparations, Health, Houses? Is the Green Book likely to sell better than the Brown Book, or shall

we "feature" the Yellow? The store has plenty of lines to offer.

Mr. Lloyd George, presiding, will call for figures: What will be the cost of each of these lines? The fund trustees will give their opinion, as it is important that the solvency of the concern should not be impaired. Thus the decision to "feature" Unemployment is arrived at. In the present state of the political market no line offers better prospects of a record sale. Our unemployment goods are the best; with them we can keep on top, no other shop can equal us for value, and we shall maintain our reputation for the largest political bargain basement in the world.

All this is very proper in the world of business and all very dangerous in the world of statesmanship. Like Selfridge and Burbidge, Lloyd George has done this sort of thing before. But, unlike them, his record in the matter of delivering the goods will not bear examination. In previous advertisements he has promised to Hang the Kaiser; to Extract the Uttermost Farthing; to Provide Homes for Heroes; at least once he has settled the coal problem "for all time." His eloquence on Form IV has seldom been equalled, and he himself, when he thought he was in the running for the Tory leadership, scrapped that particular pledge.

Approaching the matter, therefore, in the manner of the business man, the present scheme would be turned down on the character of the proposer. No banker would advance a single five-pound note towards the expenses of an enterprise with such a sponsor.

But the political world works in a different way; it will take proposals on banking or currency from Lady Cynthia Mosley and discuss them in all seriousness.

It is thus necessary to deal with the second part of our subject; and there are one or two preliminary considerations which will help us to be sure that we know at least something of what we are talking about. With three political parties yelling the word in every speech and in every leading article there is a grave risk of over-emphasis and misunderstanding. It is, for instance, clear that, were the curse of unemployment to be removed from us, all the political parties would be bankrupt.

Unemployment is, in fact, the biggest political asset, and its disappearance would force political interference into some new and unexplored channel. Furthermore, if all the workers were at work, the great green buildings and the legions of the staff of the Ministry of Labour would have to find other occupations—a thought which reminds us that this enormous institution, invented quite recently by the same Mr. Lloyd George to find us jobs, now becomes day by day an ever bigger vested interest in the absence of the very work it was designed to provide. There is probably no clearer illustration of the fact that, in the economic sphere, political action generally produces the opposite of the desired result. Space forbids an examination here of the nature of work and employment, but it should be noted that none of us really wants work; our need is for the product of the work of others.

The failure to understand this elementary truth is pardonable in the common elector, but it is criminal in those who set up to be statesmen; but that by the way.

It is to be feared that most people are under the impression that we have a million or more workers who, in normal times, were satisfactorily employed and who now, from causes beyond their control, are unable to follow their natural occupations. This may be described as the great big political lie of the moment. It is simply not true.

Our million unemployed are of three main kinds. There are, first of all and most serious, the unfortunate workers in coal and other heavy trades. Their troubles arise partly from the war, but chiefly from the political interference to which these trades have been subjected. When it is remembered that for two or three generations the most powerful political pressure in history has been directed to getting men into mines rather than to getting coal out of them, nobody can wonder that the mining industry is in grave distress. Special measures are no doubt necessary to deal with the awful results of this folly, but the permanent cure involves the rejection of every idea that Mr. Lloyd George and his friends have ever had about mines.

The second big section of our million unemployed consists of all those casual and seasonal workers who

have today as much work as ever, but who very properly fill in the intervals in the enjoyment of ninepence for fourpence. The seamen who add their insurance money to their pay, while enjoying a period on shore; the cotton workers who no longer have weeks of short time, but have rearranged their normal trade to secure a subsidy through the dole; all the seaside and holiday workers who no longer do odd jobs in the off season; and armies of others who, very naturally, have qualified in one way or another for the delights invented by Mr. Lloyd George.

And, thirdly, we have the genuine unemployed, if the word is taken to mean what it did before official unemployment was invented. In parenthesis it may be noted how an Act of Parliament will change the meaning of language. The word income used to mean money which comes in, similarly unemployment used to mean the absence of work, but might now be more correctly defined as "qualification for benefit." In estimating, therefore, the numbers of genuinely unemployed in our ordinary trades, some allowance must be made for the encouragement which insurance arrangements give to the naturally work-shy amongst us.

When all these qualifications have been made, the numbers of workers for whom no work is available in the normal trade of the country is certainly not larger than it was before the war. It comes to this, that without the coal trouble and without Mr. Lloyd George's own Ministry of Labour, we should be hearing little or nothing about unemployment, certainly not enough to make it the first plank in an election programme. Politics is the only trade in which kudos out of trouble of one's own making can be relied upon, and nobody understands that truth better than Mr. Lloyd George.

Thus, after thinking over, first Mr. Lloyd George and next unemployment, it seems hardly worth while to discuss the policy which was the last of the three distinct branches into which we divided our subject. Stunt would surely be a better word than policy. We are told on the front page of the explanatory pamphlet that as "we mobilized for war," so "let us mobilize for prosperity," and here again the thoughtful student of the matter will reach another point where he doubts the wisdom of

wasting further time upon it. War and peace are opposites and require opposite policies and opposite methods. We know all about the dislocation of our daily life due to mobilization, and we do not want those experiences again. If Mr. Lloyd George has anything in the nature of a munitions' push in mind, then we are to suffer all the evils of boom and inflation and pressure, with the certainty of the return road to travel. Large masses of men will be rushed here and there, as was done in the war, and the same after effects will result.

Mr. Lloyd George is now hedging a little on the question of expense. He denies that he ever said "without expense," and explains that what he means is "without expense to the rates and taxes." He will be dead long before the real meaning of his words will be discovered, even if, which is doubtful, he knows it himself. He should say: "without expense to the rates and taxes of this generation." Here, again, we come up against one of those points which explain the business man's impatience with politics. This same statesman, through his subordinate, Dr. Addison, built a lot of thousand and twelve-hundred pound cottages "without expense" by the simple process of issuing 6 per cent. bonds. There are £100,000,000 of these securities on the market at this moment, representing property which is already depreciated by half and which will be worth still less when the rates and taxes of our grandchildren are called upon to redeem the loans. Relying implicitly and with full political wisdom upon the shortness of the public memory, Mr. Lloyd George now proposes to issue even larger loans, this time adding the attraction of the principle of Betterment. But this is adding insult to injury when it is remembered that Mr. Lloyd George himself scrapped his own Valuation Department, which was designed to secure Betterment not from a few new roads, but from all the roads and all the property in the kingdom. In this respect the new policy is at least courageous.

Space forbids the discussion of the wisdom of adding to the public debt at a time when its reduction is the most pressing need of civilization. Finally, we come down to roads, a good subject for political purposes, for the reason that very few people have any experience of work

on roads and platform wisdom on the matter need not therefore be hampered by any inconvenient acquaintance with the actual facts.

Like other trades, road-making depends upon an adequate supply of skilled labour and skilled direction, skill which all who have much acquaintance with our roads will agree is none too plentiful amongst us. But if there is any one trade which should be stabilized, be regular and permanent, it is surely road-making. In a good working scheme every county would employ a regular staff of road-makers, sufficient to provide for a steady extension of roadways, while attending to the proper upkeep of those which exist. Such a staff would be permanently housed in the county, its daily transport to the work in hand would be easy, there would never be any question of unemployment, and public comfort would be properly cared for. The supply and provision of materials would cease to be a boom and slump speculative business, and general prosperity would result.

The need for much greater interest in road development cannot for a moment be in doubt. Mr. Lloyd George is right in thinking that the advance of transport, the progress of building, the proper utilization of our land, the better distribution of our population, and many other desirable purposes can only be attained as our road facilities improve. But all this must, to be effective and permanently useful, be a natural growth on permanent lines. The task is to create and maintain in each locality a regular skilled and lasting road service. To march 100,000 miners about the country to the order of some central ministry on the mobilization lines now advocated would be to put back for a generation this much-needed movement. We are still in the process of liquidating the Sloughs, Gretna Greens, and Richboroughs which Lloyd George methods spread all over the country. The engineering industry has done wonders in ten years' hard work repairing the damage wrought by the Ministry of Munitions. Nobody complains of that damage, for the war had to be won, but to suggest seriously that other big branches of industry should be subjected, in times of peace, to the same disintegrating influences is nothing short of madness.

LLOYD GEORGE'S UNEMPLOYMENT POLICY

The genius of Mr. Lloyd George is seen at its best in the arts of electioneering. The pamphlet on unemployment has the great pledge in the title, and says: "We can conquer," but it has sixty-four pages stiff with pledges; only once in the whole mass of this claptrap is there a suggestion of doubt or uncertainty. On page 15 we read that "the figure of cost quoted can only be a broad estimate," but, apart from this solitary speck of doubt or modesty, the rest of the book is a collection of short, cocksure sentences settling one after another great problems which baffle the wisest in their respective spheres.

The tragedy of this sort of appeal to nearly 30,000,000 electors is all too evident to the few who have sufficient brains and enough sense of responsibility to realize the devastation which can be done by the demagogue. These proposals outvie in folly the wildest of the Socialist schemes, and are much more dangerous to the body politic, because so many well-meaning sentimentalists are able to comfort their innocent souls with the superficial half-truth that Mr. Lloyd George is not a Socialist. It is the more important that people of understanding should give themselves the unwelcome duty of reading this sixty-four pages of election trash. Every other sentence will irritate, while one here and there will amuse. One illustration will suffice to show the confident ignorance of the whole stupid business. The new roads are to be wide enough "to permit all pipes and cables to be laid clear of the carriageway." Is the privilege of using sewers, water, gas, and electric light to be confined to residents on one side only, or are all these services to be duplicated in each road? The reader is left to make his own choice in the matter. Perhaps the most impertinent of the many wild-cat statements on the financial side of the problem is that which promises a revenue of £10,000,000 from the taxation of the unfortunate unemployed on whose backs Mr. Lloyd George hopes to ride to power. This choice little titbit is added, by way of window-dressing, to all those old delights which were promised to us twenty years ago in the People's Budget. Then, it will be remembered, the whole cost of the Poor Law was taken into credit, and this same item—now, of course,

bigger than ever—is once again added up in the prospectus balance-sheet. Finally, it is important to note that the scheme does not profess to be a permanent or direct cure for unemployment. It merely promises to put the unemployed on temporary work, until they can be absorbed by the normal trade of the country. It is claimed that the temporary work will react upon the normal trades and create a demand for more labour, which demand will be satisfied by the unemployed as the temporary work gradually approaches completion. The argument is simply that by stimulating trade employment will increase. The argument is good, but the method is bad. We are deliberately and definitely asked to create another period of false prosperity by mobilizing on warlike lines. Any such inflationary practice can only be followed by long, weary, and painful deflation. We are, in effect, offered a brandy and soda to soothe the morning effects of last night's debauch, and that is the very best and kindest thing that can be said for the scheme. The offer comes from the most experienced political debauchee of history, a man who has more Government departments, more officials, more expenditure, more debts, and more waste to his credit than any public servant of any time. Nobody can doubt his ability to lead us farther along that pleasant road to ruin, neither can any serious-minded person doubt the necessity for wiping him and his mentality out of our public life. I would sooner have the serious stupidity of the Socialist than the flippant folly of this demagogue. These are serious times and we must be serious, even if we cannot be perfectly wise.

The Aftermath*

By J. D. Gregory, C.B., C.M.G.

It is with a sigh that anyone with an ounce of human feeling must put down "The Aftermath"—a sigh of despair. It cannot be otherwise, even though the sigh quickly passes. Public life is not so very different from private. In advanced middle age there are but two main reflections on the years that have gone, either the *nessun maggior dolore che ricordarsi* or the "what might have been." The only possible philosophy for a man is to remember that, if he had not made that particular set or series of mistakes or suffered that particular set or series of disappointments, he would have made or suffered another set or series. It is in the nature of things—unless a man is content to be a cow in a field all his life and low and eat alternately from morning to night. Even so, if he is more man than cow, there comes a moment when he eats the wrong grass. Mr. Churchill represents intensified man; so he is bound to suffer intensified disappointment. His trouble is that of so many others. It is *his* disappointments, but so largely *other people's* mistakes, that might, and in so many cases could, have been avoided. But Mankind is one; and *man* is only part of *Man*.

Mr. Churchill tells us with poignant regret "what might have been" in the fateful years following Armageddon. No one is better qualified to do so. Not only with an intimate inside experience—himself having been in three first-class crises one of the leading actors in the drama—but with luminous vision and overpowering imagination he knew and he knows still what ought to have been done at so many stages of this terribly difficult era in the world's history. There were a few others who knew, too, but pre-eminently he was one who stood on the verge of being able to do the thing and only missing

* "The World Crisis: The Aftermath." By the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill. Thornton Butterworth. 30s.

by a hair's breadth the execution of imperative designs. As with the Dardanelles, so later with Denikin. He may or may not believe in Original Sin in its strictly theological sense. That is immaterial; but he can hardly fail to be terribly impressed by the consciousness that there is a basic kink in human nature which invariably prevents everything from going quite right in the human governance of the world. Lord Curzon—of whose temperamental capacity for action, however, Mr. Churchill seems to have had a poor opinion—was, nevertheless, another true judge of what ought to be done in certain shattering situations. He at least had vision, too, at the most critical time in our history, but his spirit had long since been crushed and his will had ceased to function. Mr. Churchill is happily uncrushable; and his will still remains as active as those other integral ingredients of the soul, his memory and his understanding.

His book naturally falls into two clear-cut divisions—the detached historical and the enthusiast personal. It is evident where he has felt most deeply through these tangled years. His heart was more in the Russian business than in any other. He was the apostle of intervention as he is now its most effective chronicler. From the first he has regarded Bolshevism as the sturdy statesmen of the counter-Reformation regarded the dominant subversiveness of their day. His attitude, for instance, towards the cut-throat Savinkov—"the essence of practicality and good sense expressed in terms of nitroglycerine"—is uncommonly like that, say, of Paul IV, the upright but ferocious Caraffa, towards the men of extremist methods still lingering from the Renaissance who could serve him as instruments in the pursuit of right. Bolshevism must be stamped out at all costs. It is the evil thing, the "nameless beast," that has spoiled the post-war settlement everywhere. From Turkey to Ireland this malignant spirit has stretched out its tentacles to ruin and destroy. From the moment that "the German hammer broke down the (Russian) front and Lenin blew up the rear," iniquity was let loose over all Europe. The "Grand Repudiator" may or may not deserve the full anti-Christ importance so flamboyantly attributed to him; but there is independent foundation

for the final verdict: "The strong illuminant that guided him was cut off at the moment when he had turned resolutely for home. The Russian people were left floundering in the bog. Their worst misfortune was his birth; their next worst his death."

Kill, then, the horrid thing, the "nameless beast," and get rid of it once and for all. No compromise; no soft half-measures. That, in Mr. Churchill's opinion, was the lofty straightforward course. Politically there was only one way to do it, and that was to sink one whole set of emotions; in other words, make peace and a fair peace quickly with the Germans and get them to help us charge the monster. That would have been statesmanship. But that sort of statesmanship was rendered impossible by the obtuse jingoism of the General Election of 1918. The politicians, including Mr. Churchill himself, were utterly helpless before the storm of "Hang the Kaiser" and "Make them pay" imbecility. To this day we are held up in our efforts to secure peace finality with Germany by the uncontrollable passions of that election; and it has partly—it does not do to exaggerate—contributed to the abnormal situation in which the whole of Europe finds itself today owing to the continuance of social disease in Russia.

Undaunted, however, by the failure to secure German co-operation, Mr. Churchill went valiantly ahead with his idea of forcibly stamping out the Bolshevik evil. He makes out the best possible case for intervention and he explains exactly how far he was prepared to go within the limits that were imposed on him both by facts and common sense. True, he disclaims responsibility both for the original intervention and for the commitments and obligations which it entailed. "Neither did it rest with me," he says, "to decide whether intervention should be continued after the Armistice or brought to an end." That may be. But he leaves not the slightest doubt on our minds that, the policy once decided, he threw himself *con amore* into its execution. At a later stage he writes: "It would not have been right, after the Great War was over, even had it been possible, to use British, French or American troops in Russia"; only money, supplies, munitions, and technical instructors. But he conceived

it to be an insistent duty to stand by our old friends and allies, Kornilov, Alexeiev, Denikin, Koltchak, the Russian Volunteer Army; and he felt it to be a crying shame that we should tacitly allow the Russian Fatherland to be defiled and mutilated by a gang of ruffians. Filled with this conviction and sentiment, it is easy to imagine his own mental suffering as he was forced to watch the progressive failure of the Powers to cope with the situation and to be constantly deprived of the means for putting even a partially agreed policy into execution. "Divided counsels and cross-purposes among the allies," he writes, "American mistrust of Japan, and the personal opposition of President Wilson, reduced allied intervention in Russia during the war to exactly the point where it did the utmost harm and gained the least advantage. . . . The Armistice proved to be the death-warrant of the Russian national cause." And again: "Either the policy of helping all the anti-Bolshevik forces which encircled Soviet Russia should have been straightforwardly pursued, or a peace should have been unitedly made with the Bolsheviks on terms which assured some hopes of life and liberty to the loyal Russians. . . . Neither the one nor the other was earnestly attempted. Half-hearted efforts to make peace were companioned by half-hearted attempts to make war."

The actual chronicle of intervention in its two aspects, pre-Armistice and post-Armistice, is admirable from first to last. First, the campaigns of Alexeiev and then Denikin on the Don; the crying need for saving the rotting munition dumps at Archangel and Vladivostock from falling into hostile hands and for preventing the granaries of the Ukraine and Siberia, and the oil of the Caspian from maintaining the German armies; the exasperating "American-Japanese seesaw"—which for so long stultified action by the only two Powers free to take it; the strange tale of the Czecho-Slovak units in Siberia, their great trek East, followed first by Bolshevik treachery and then by their own; the final but limited intervention of the United States with the humorous help of the American Y.M.C.A.; the arrival of the two British battalions under the command of Colonel John Ward, M.P.; and the simultaneous landing of an international force at

Archangel and Murmansk. Secondly, the series of events starting with the Balfour Memorandum of November 29, 1918, showing the impossibility of the British Government disinteresting themselves wholly from Russian affairs; the difficulties of extrication; the British landing at Batum; the disastrous Franco-Greek expedition to Odessa; the futility of Prinkipo; the unhelpfulness of President Wilson, leading to complete allied paralysis; the Supreme Council's note to Koltchak of May 26, 1919, and his reply; the collapse of the "ghost war"; the withdrawal from Murmansk and Archangel; and the final betrayal and murder of that unfortunate gentleman, Admiral Koltchak. Well and justly could Mr. Churchill complain of indecision and lack of policy, though there is not much point in attempting to assign blame now. He himself put forward concrete suggestions in a Cabinet Memorandum of September 22, 1919, in which he stated the case with the utmost lucidity and once again demonstrated the absurdity of half-measures. The responsibility for the tragedy rests, as he well puts it, on the "resplendent nations who had won the war, but left their task unfinished." Given his premises, his objurgations are wholly justified.

With the cataclysm of Russia the fate of Poland was inevitably bound up. With unerring sense and foresight Mr. Churchill was madly conscious of the danger that all Europe ran if the Red Armies of the Soviet were to prevail against the gates of Warsaw. In May 1920 those armies concentrated against Poland and hostilities opened. Pilsudski conceived the idea of a buffer Ukraine with the help of Petlura. The plans miscarried and the Polish army was forced to retreat. Mr. Churchill warned the Cabinet of the gravity of the situation. On August 13 came the "deadly terms" of the Soviet Government; the unfortunate British telegram to Warsaw recommending acceptance; then, meanwhile, the Polish Battle of the Marne, the "Miracle of the Vistula"; and, finally, the Treaty of Riga. Europe had been saved by Poland, with the help of France in the person of General Weygand. "The frontiers of Asia and the conditions of the Middle Ages had advanced from the Urals to the Pripet Marshes. But there it was written: 'So far and no farther.'"

Just on a hundred pages of this absorbing book are devoted to Russia. Next in order of personal interest and importance come Ireland and the Near East. In both of these Mr. Churchill played an active and leading part, and, happily for his own peace of mind as regards the first, a part that has ultimately led, or will ultimately lead, it may be hoped, to not wholly infelicitous results. He played it, too, with a real understanding of the tragedy of Irish character and history. He remembered always—in spite of provocation from every quarter that would have driven a less determined man to murderous thoughts—that "Britain is free and Ireland is lonely." Only by clinging tenaciously to that reflection was it possible, not merely to handle successfully, but to handle at all, a situation which was at all times devoid of sense and persistently defied treatment. Here at least there were no discordant, vacillating and self-seeking allied Governments to bring into line before anything could be done; but old party loyalties and mutually distrustful and homicidal Irishmen were almost as difficult to conciliate. In January 1921 Mr. Churchill became responsible for carrying out the Treaty, and, as in the case of Russia, he sets out his policy uncompromisingly in a letter to Mr. Lloyd George of November 9 of that year, and in a comprehensive memorandum of December 21 for the guidance of departments. But at once he banged his head against Irish psychology and discovered the hopelessness of trying to gauge Irish methods by English standards. Sir James Craig and Michael Collins were induced to meet at the Colonial Office, shut up all day in a room alone, and, with the help of mutton chops tactfully administered, reached an agreement. Within a few days it had been violated. Next, on the morrow of the passing of the Irish Free State Bill in the House of Commons, occurred the seizure of the Four Courts in Dublin by Rory O'Connor. Then came the disconcerting compact between Mr. De Valera and Collins apportioning seats in the Dail. Finally, frontier troubles of the most virulent kind arose between Ulster and the Free State. There are four letters, published in the book, from Mr. Churchill to Michael Collins, containing advice which, though it perhaps led to no immediate results, was

evidently taken to heart by the emotional but not substantially disloyal man to whom it was addressed. Just before the poor fellow was murdered, with the presentiment strong on him, he sent a valedictory message to Mr. Churchill through a friend: "Tell Winston we could never have done anything without him." This is perhaps the tribute to his sincerity and patience which he will treasure most.

Mr. Churchill's heart and spirit must be pretty strong and healthy. Russia alone was enough to break both. But they have managed to survive not only Russia, but Ireland and Greece. Yet Russia and Greece must have left a nasty scar; for if the failure to secure a really effective Russian policy was bitter, the misery of the post-war Turkish muddle was utterly searing. On May 5, 1919, the "Triumvirate" in Paris encouraged, or connived in, the Greek descent on Smyrna. It was the prelude to one of the most disastrous series of events that history has to record. "I cannot understand to this day," writes Mr. Churchill, "how the eminent statesmen in Paris, Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Venizelos, whose wisdom, prudence, and address had raised them under the severest tests so much above their fellows, could have been betrayed into so rash and fatal a step."

The whole Near Eastern situation, which had been satisfactorily settled by our defeat of the Turks, was immediately reversed. In the face of this reversal there followed, as usual, divided counsels at home as well as abroad. Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon were for expelling the Turk from Constantinople. But we had no troops available for the operation. Mr. Churchill, in unison with the India Office, urged a Turkish peace, "real, final, and, above all, prompt." In an illuminating letter to the Prime Minister of March 24, 1920, he again stresses his policy. It is unswerving. "Peace with the German people, war on the Bolshevik tyranny." A prompt peace with Turkey was the corollary. "On this world so torn with strife," he wrote, "I dread to see you let loose the Greek armies." Yet Venizelos, "the good fairy," had prevailed. Mr. Lloyd George had accepted his offer to march northward with two divisions; and on June 22 the Greek advance began.

As in Russia, there were two distinct phases in the history of the Greek war with Turkey, each requiring separate consideration and treatment. The fall of Venizelos and the return of Constantine ushers in the second phase. It had rather, in the sequence of time, begun on October 20, 1920, with the biting of King Alexander by his pet monkey and his swift death. It is "perhaps no exaggeration to say," writes Mr. Churchill, "that a quarter of a million people died by the monkey's bite." Henceforth "Greece indulged the dangerous luxury of a dual nature. There was the pro-Ally Greece of Venizelos and the pro-German Greece of Constantine." The return of Constantine dissolved all allied loyalties. Yet amid the utmost confusion of thought and advice the Greeks were allowed to go ahead to their own destruction and the almost complete annulment of all the gains which we had secured at such a terrible cost against the Turk in the war. Lord Curzon, "voicing the cool and dispassionate view of the Foreign Office," had proposed a conditional support of Greece and even the recognition of Constantine, but the Allied Conference which met in Paris on December 3, brushed such plans aside. Mr. Montagu differed profoundly from the Foreign Secretary. Mr. Lloyd George was utterly exhausted. Is there any wonder? Mr. Churchill formally exonerates the Government from the charge of encouraging the Greeks in their rash venture. Yet they knew, as he says, that Mr. Lloyd George's heart was with them. They were completely isolated in Asia Minor; and meanwhile the Turks, friendly with France and Moscow, were growing in power. Once again Mr. Churchill declaimed against half-measures and half-hearted support. They "have been the bane," he writes to the Prime Minister on June 11, 1921, "of all the policy we have pursued towards Russia or Turkey since the Armistice, and they have conducted us to our present disastrous position." Within three months from the date of that letter the battles of Eskishehr, the Sakaria and Afium-Karahissar, Chanak, and the Treaty of Lausanne had consolidated the disaster.

Mr. Churchill says in his preface that his work during the years succeeding the war "was concerned mainly with what happened outside the halls of Paris and Versailles,

and with the consequences of the decisions—and not less of the delays—of the plenipotentiaries upon great countries and millions of people." Yet his narrative of the deeds and misdeeds of those plenipotentiaries, though (with one or two exceptions, as in the case of demobilization) lacking the intense personal interest involved in the trials and anxieties arising out of the Russian, Irish, and Greek problems, is arrestingly told in the perspective which is perhaps only possible after this lapse of time. In the general survey, from what he calls "the shock of peace," when "the current of man's will and of his fate was suddenly, not merely stopped, but reversed," when "the war of the giants has ended," and "the quarrels of the pygmies have begun," right on to the discussion on war responsibility in the concluding pages of the book—the note of pessimism and disappointment is tempered by an irrepressible idealism and an ultimate trust in humanity which dispel a gloom that might otherwise destroy all exuberance and buoyancy in contemplating the future. Just as his retrospective philosophy of war has nothing of the Zweig or Binding or Blunden about it, so his vision of a healthier, saner, and less muddled world to come remains unclouded by the damping, kill-joy spirit that hovers eternally over the less virile elements in our political, economic, highbrow midst. "The task is not done," he concludes, but now "Hope rests on a surer foundation. The period of repulsion from the horrors of war will be long-lasting; and in this blessed interval the great nations may take their forward steps to world organization with the conviction that the difficulties they have yet to master will not be greater than those they have already overcome." Therefore, though on a general review of the events recorded the reader may be pardoned for putting down "The Aftermath" with a sigh of despair, the author himself is determined not to be downcast; and, if he, who has borne the heat and burden of the day amid so many and variegated discouragements and disappointments, can still maintain his *sangfroid* and his faith in the destiny of the race, the average man, having forcibly breathed his sigh over the past, can yet afford to go forward without incurable misgiving to the next phase.

The Budget and the Conservative Programme

By Douglas Jerrold

It has been said in many quarters that Mr. Winston Churchill introduced a humdrum Budget with a brilliant speech. Half a minute's reflection should have reversed this judgment. The Budget is a brilliant achievement: the speech was not.

We are faced at the forthcoming election with the spectacle, which we can regard as revolting or amusing according to taste, of two political parties propounding as the cure for all our discontents a vast increase in public expenditure. They propound, in short, as the cure, what every competent student of affairs—and there are many on both the Opposition benches—ought to recognize at once as the disease. We are confronted at the same time with a spectacle unique in post-war politics, of a third party, and that, mark you, the party which has the tactical advantage of "making" the election, going to the country without a promise to any section of the community of any increase in the amount of the money which that section will be allowed to appropriate out of other people's earnings.

These are the facts, and they are abundantly creditable to the Conservative Party. Mr. Winston Churchill, however, dismisses the electioneering programmes of the rival Oppositions in a series of flouts and jeers which might lead one to suppose that he sees little or no real harm in them. He even hints that the Government have done a creditable amount of spending themselves. If this were Mr. Winston Churchill's real view, he would, of course, have produced a different Budget, a Budget in which the surplus so prudently amassed would have been dissipated, and future surpluses mortgaged, on unprofitable but spectacular relief schemes; a Budget which would have committed the State, whatever party was in power, to lending its credit to private undertakings to enable them to implement vast and dubious schemes of capital improvement; a Budget which would have been accompanied by promises of legislation providing more subsidized houses, more subsidized insurance "benefits," more pensions and less work.

He has chosen, instead, to produce a statesmanlike Budget, but has missed the chance afforded to him of taking credit where credit is due, and of exposing the disastrous economic consequences which must result from either of the alternative policies before the country. These policies are, of course, Mr. Lloyd George's proposals for "curing" unemployment (with which Sir Ernest Benn deals in detail in this number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW), and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's proposals as outlined in his party's pamphlet "Labour and the Nation."

To calculate in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence which of these excellent and patriotic Celts will, in the long run, do more material damage to Englishmen, is a task for an actuary. There is, however, this important difference between their policies. The socialist philosophy is an integral whole, and, ruthlessly applied, will lead somewhere, though not to anywhere desirable. Mr. Lloyd George's policy will not even do that. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, for all his Celtic fervour and his tedious attacks of moral superiority, does not imagine that the mere distribution of A's money among B, C, and D can produce the millennium. He sees at least that some new factor must be introduced into the equation before the goods and services which used to be produced by B, C, and D, before they were paid to stop producing them, can be made up by the increased production of A, whose incentive to produce anything at all will have been wholly removed. The socialist philosopher-politician accordingly produces Science, Administration, and State Control as the three guardian angels of the new dispensation. In the background, but still discernible against the horizon, is the obligation to accept the order of the State to work as a *quid pro quo* for the obligation accepted by the State to maintain every worker. Over the pleasant suburban landscape of philosophic radicalism the black shadow of the Kremlin casts a pall of barren but irrefutable logic.

There is no irrefutable logic about Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Lloyd George *can* "cure" unemployment. He *can* reopen the floodgates of paper money, debauch the currency, demoralize industry, create a temporary boom, and make the countryside hideous with mushroom townships. But he *cannot* pretend with the slightest fraction

of sincerity that he can do any of these things within the limits of our present economic system without disaster. He is on the horns of a dilemma. To absorb 500,000 men on improvised tasks within two years means the mobilization of labour, temporary housing schemes, separation allowances, the "badging" and "grading" of labour, dilution, relaxation of apprenticeship, the acquisition of land by compulsory purchase all over the country, new Government departments, new officials, new arbitration courts. In the end it means demobilization and the dole, and the creation of a vast new army of unemployed much vaster than the army originally absorbed. Yet to stop short of this folly, to proceed by the normal methods of peace, means a negligible positive contribution to the problem which would be much more than counterbalanced by the effects of his flamboyant promises on those with money and the bitter discontent which his failure to fulfil them would arouse in those without money.

Such, then, the two alternative policies. Between the Oppositions and the Government the difference is one of principle. The difference is not between a party which offers *x* to the country and two other parties which offer *y* and *z*, respectively. That might have been so, had Mr. Winston Churchill accepted the advice proferred him by panic-stricken Press magnates and interested electioneers, and produced a sensational Budget full of what Mr. Garvin calls vision and other men call by other names. As it is, the difference is between a party which sets before the country the task of earning by its own labours and its own sacrifices the stabilization of the present social services at their unprecedented level, and the two other parties which promise the country that they will rid it of this laborious task.

This, fundamentally, is the issue of the election, as crystallized by Mr. Winston Churchill's Budget. No graver issue was ever set before a people still free, but gravely in danger of binding themselves and their children's children in fetters of devaluated gold.

What is the truth about our present economic position? We are spending on social services (education, health, housing, pensions, and insurance) £241 millions, as against £62 millions in 1914. Allowing for the different value of the £1 sterling the *increase* is still much over 250 per cent. On the defence services, excluding war and

quasi-war pensions, we are spending £96 millions as against £73 millions in 1914, a *reduction*, allowing for the altered value of money, of roughly 20 per cent. On the miscellaneous services, covering it may be observed most of the field of Gladstonian finance, we are spending £27 millions, as against £12 millions in 1914, an increase, again allowing for the value of money, of 33 per cent., of which most, if not all, is accounted for by new services, such as the beet sugar subsidy, the Middle East, the War Graves Commission, the training of ex-Service men, etc. etc.

The rest of our estimated net expenditure of £691 millions is for debt services (£304 millions) and tax collection (£11 millions). Add to this the sinking fund provision (£50·4 millions), and our recoverable expenditure on the post office and the road fund (£70 millions), and we get our total expenditure of £821 millions, as compared with a total expenditure of £202 millions in 1914.

These are dull, but not unilluminating, figures. In the first place, these figures tell the United States that we, unlike them, have substantially reduced our naval and military expenditure, and in the second place, they ought to tell our own people that for our increased expenditure they have mainly themselves to blame. It is they themselves who have thrown on industry today its chief and crushing burden.

In the face of our vast debt charges this may seem an exaggeration, but there are two points to justify the assertion. In the first place, the debt charges are obligatory in principle, and in the second, their amount, at present crushing, and their reaction on the finance of industry, are, as Mr. Runciman very truly pointed out, directly determined by our other expenditure.

But why, say the two Oppositions, bother about our expenditure when everyone knows that our only trouble is unemployment, which is due to the decline of our export trade? Indeed, they say, without the social services where should we be? This is purely superficial. Our social services do not alleviate unemployment. On the contrary, they are the cause of it. To realize this is to realize why the key to industrial recovery and the re-employment of our unemployed can never lie in spending more. Let us look deeper into it.

Secondary education keeps producers out of the labour

market at one end, pensions to widows and people of sixty-five at the other end, of the scale. Health insurance benefit keeps people out of productive employment when they are sick, and even unemployment benefit in certain cases does the same where men qualified for benefit proceed to draw it.* On the other hand, it is a good and proper thing that the young should be educated, that the old should have leisure, and the sick the opportunity of recovering their strength. This is admitted by all decent and Christian people.

Every piece of social legislation passed in the last two decades has nevertheless, directly or indirectly, reduced the number of producers without reducing the number of consumers. For a nation, as for a family, that means less wealth, not greater wealth, if we look at wealth from a strictly economic standpoint. It means that the nation as a whole has fewer material goods to distribute among its citizens. Instead, it distributes education, leisure, and freedom from anxiety and better health. The first result of our efforts to secure these benefits for our people can only be a decrease in the value of the national income (due to a stable demand operating upon a diminished supply of goods). Further, during the last year we have had a higher debt charge (due to the fact that we have been unable without permanently ruining our productive industries to impose taxation in such amounts as will, while providing the social services, yield a sufficient surplus of revenue over expenditure to make any very appreciable reductions in the dead weight of debt.)†

What we call the unemployment problem is merely the symptom of over-expenditure. It is the form the disease takes in this country. It is, moreover, intensified inevitably by the vicious circle whereby the maintenance of the unemployed out of rates and taxes, and the insurance contributions of the employed and their employers, still further decreases the value of the national income and increases the burden of taxation. But the root cause of

* It is a matter of fact that the claims on the Health and Unemployment funds rise regularly after the Christmas and Easter holidays, which the insurance schemes tend to prolong substantially.

† Despite these higher debt charges, industry has yet gained just appreciably from the paying-off of debt and will gain much more in the next few years since the gain, small as it is, will be cumulative in its effects.

unemployment is, quite definitely and simply, over-expenditure.

The severity of the incidence of unemployment in particular districts has been disastrous not only to the sufferers themselves, but because it has concealed from the public as a whole the real nature of the problem. It has, in particular, concealed the progressive impoverishment of the country as a whole.

In the result, it has enabled certain politicians, notably Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George, to profess to regard, and to urge us all to regard, unemployment as a more or less isolated and peculiar phenomenon, and to ascribe it to such causes as the war, the general strike, the uneven distribution of wealth, or faulty administration. These men ascribe it, in short, to each and every cause except the real one, which is over-spending (not absolutely, of course, but in relation to the production by our people of consumable and exchangeable goods).

It may be urged that since 1924, wholesale prices have fallen 17 per cent., and the value of the national income has, it may be argued, been thus increased and not diminished. What becomes of the argument, then, that the value of the national income is decreased by the operation, direct and indirect, of our social services? The first part of the answer is, of course, that it is the return to the gold standard (i.e. the revaluation of the £1 sterling) which has reduced prices, but, that in so far as it has been accompanied by reductions in wages, real wages have to that extent not increased. That is common ground. The second part of the answer is what is not usually understood. The employed are enjoying such prosperity as they are enjoying at the expense of the unemployed. If our population were all in a position to exercise a normal consumer's demand, prices would be higher and real wages would have fallen substantially.

The reason why the chief symptom of over-spending in this country is unemployment and not a general fall in real wages is simply that we are an exporting country. Wealth is not goods, but *goods available for exchange*—and, for a country which is not self-supporting, *goods available for exchange in the world's markets*. If we were a self-supporting country, the effect of our vast

expenditure on social service would be merely to make everyone poorer in goods and richer in services.*

As it is, we are not a self-supporting country, and for the past few years a definite section of our population, a definite aggregate of capital, and a definite *quantum* of plant have been unable, by reason of the high rate of Government expenditure and high standard of living to which we have accustomed our people, to produce goods available for exchange. The spending power of these one-time producers has been artificially reduced (in the devastated areas of Wales and Northumberland and Durham reduced almost to vanishing point), and the real effect of the social services during these years has thus been largely localized. We have been growing poorer, but the main burden of the increased poverty has been felt in a few districts and industries, though such money as has been spent on the direct relief of the unemployed has, of course, been provided out of the earnings of the more fortunate.

We are now in a position to see the real significance and importance of Mr. Churchill's series of Budgets. The criticism which seems at first glance so sound financially, is in reality utterly unsound. The problem has been, is, and will be, to avoid increases of taxation by every means possible, during what has to be regarded as an interim period. Admittedly we cannot at the moment afford the services to which we are committed. *If we can hold on, by using any and every expedient, however unorthodox,* we may reach a time when we can afford these services. This depends on one thing—and one thing alone—the restoration of our export trade. That has been the problem in principle. In detail it has been to shift the burden of taxation from our export trades by any and every device.

What hopes are there that the policy will succeed? The first lies in the slight, but still just appreciable, reduction in our expenditure since 1924; the second hope, in the operation of derating; the third hope is the slowly rising labour costs on the Continent; the fourth and main hope is the psychological effect on English capital and

* Though not, of course, *correspondingly* richer, because the cost of providing the services is shown, not only in the direct labour costs, but also in the loss of the goods normally produced by the purveyors of the services.

labour of a resolute refusal to rush in with more subsidies, doles, loans or guarantees. This hope will fructify in rationalization on the employers' side and co-operation on the part of the trade unions.

There is no other way. The problem is not to employ people, but to supply the whole population with goods to enable them to maintain, as a whole, and not only in the South of England and in the sheltered trades, a standard of living which, as a whole, they have never enjoyed before. At the moment this is impossible and, for the reasons given, the more we spend, the more impossible it becomes. Yet to reduce expenditure on social services is merely to reduce the standard of living by Government action, i.e. to accept defeat at the start. Admittedly we are in a desperate position. A less courageous Chancellor than Mr. Winston Churchill would without question have thrown up the sponge and embarked on a course of borrowing or more indirect inflation to conceal his difficulties. By this means he would restore to the unemployed their purchasing power and all would have been well till the general rise in prices devaluated the £1 sterling, started the demand for higher wages, and killed the balance of our export trade.

But if a more cowardly Chancellor would have done this, a more conventional one would have done at least as much harm. He would have maintained taxation at the 1924 level, and reduced his debt with the result that, while he would have been, on paper, slightly better off today, he would have no chance of ultimate success. Why not? Because the very real chance that exists today of re-establishing our export trade without curtailing our social services would not exist if taxation stood at the 1924 level and in its old and urgent incidence on the producer.

Our financial position is, in fact, precisely that of an individual producer whose expenditure is determined by his standard of living and family obligations, but whose income falls short of his expenditure because of a fall in the price of the goods which he makes. If he can keep going by selling a little of his old furniture, spending a chance legacy as income, or doing a little free-lance journalism, he will not add to his production costs and will, if the market turns in his favour, be able to take

advantage of it. He may even be able to reduce his selling costs temporarily by living on these windfalls and so build up his goodwill against the day when production becomes really profitable. If, however, he borrows money to finance himself in his lean time, he is increasing his permanent needs in the way of income and thus, even if the market turns in his favour, the turn which would have "put him right" before he borrowed and saddled himself with interest on his loan will now still leave him with a deficit.

The accusations levelled against the Budget by Mr. Snowden and his disciples—among whom we must include, for this purpose, Mr. Runciman—are for this reason mistaken. There is no one on the Government front bench who does not know as well as either of their principal critics that in the long run expenditure can only be met by regular and genuine revenue, and that until we are reducing our national debt out of tax revenues, money rates will continue high.* What the critics fail to realize is that no alternative was open to the Chancellor except to reduce expenditure, which means reducing the cost and, therefore, the benefit of the social services. To increase taxation would, and could, only mean to establish permanently at an even higher level than the present the burden of unproductive expenditure. The only hope lies in the Government policy of tax reduction, leading to expanding trade, and the maintenance of the social services depends entirely on this hope being fulfilled. If it is not fulfilled, the burden of the social services will be reduced by an inflationary period and rising prices will operate to nullify the expansion of benefits which has been the characteristic feature of the last twenty years of our history.

What do the Opposition say in their own defence?

Their whole case is based on a misapplication of one word. Neither Mr. Snowden, Mr. Runciman, nor Mr. J. M. Keynes, who is certainly the most eminent economist in the Opposition camp, would deny that all genuinely and economically unproductive expenditure, whether out of tax revenues (the Labour surtax) or loan

* It may be mentioned in passing that the speculative boom in the United States is at least jointly responsible with Mr. Winston Churchill's expedients for the present rates of interest.

(Mr. Lloyd George's scheme), would have disastrous results. Both Oppositions fortify their consciences with a falsehood. If either of these parties are returned to power, we are assured that Government expenditure, which, when in opposition, they submit to the most stringent Gladstonian criticisms, will become productive.

No more impudent pretence has been offered to the electorate.

Productive expenditure is expenditure which leads to a proportionate increase in the production of goods available for consumption or exchange. Since an exporting country dependent for its food supplies on imports cannot consume unless it can exchange, productive expenditure means expenditure leading to the proportionately increased production of goods available for exchange in the world's markets.

None of the schemes associated with the two Opposition parties is going to lead to increased production of this kind. If productive industry can employ capital economically, it does not have to go to the Government for it. That is the simple and conclusive justification for the Treasury dogma, which Mr. Keynes attacks, that no Government borrowing leads to permanent additional employment. Mr. Keynes's reply to Sir Laming Worthington Evans in the *Evening Standard* of April 19 ignores this point and begs the question. He proves elaborately and quite unnecessarily that there are sources open from which the Lloyd George loan could be raised, and adds that the money so raised could be used to provide an addition to employment. No sane man has ever denied it. The question is whether the men employed are going to add to or to dissipate the narrow margin of savings available for further investment. To say, as Mr. Keynes does, that "it is crazy to believe that we shall ruin ourselves financially by trying to find means to use" the available savings, is merely to beat the air. The point is not whether Mr. Keynes ought to try, but whether he has succeeded. He cannot get away with his argument by calling expenditure productive in a technical sense when it merely is productive in a colloquial sense. Yet that is what he is doing. Expenditure on roads is, speaking colloquially, productive by contrast with expenditure on tennis courts. It is certainly,

speaking colloquially, productive by contrast with money paid out as a dole. The new roads will put a fraction of oil on the wheels of industry and will facilitate within narrow limits the internal exchange of goods. But not one single necessary of life will be produced in seriously increased quantities as the result of the existence of these roads, nor will any other goods be produced (as result of their existence) which can be exchanged for these necessaries. As far as providing our unemployed with some pounds of food, drink, and clothing a week is concerned, we shall be no better off than we are now. We can pay the wages as we pay the dole. But the increased purchasing power will operate on the same quantity of goods.*

The real gravamen against the Chancellor's critics is, as I have said, that the remedies they suggest for our parlous financial position are bound to be followed, and as surely as night follows day, by rising prices and a general depreciation of the standard of living. A country can only get richer by producing more goods. The unemployed do not want money, but what money buys. No expenditure out of rates, taxes or loans which merely provides services, however desirable, or doles, however lavish, can add one jot or tittle to our national wealth. It can, must, and will lead only to a general depreciation in the standard of living of the whole country.

It is by the wisdom of the electorate when confronted with the seductive promises of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George that our future as an industrial nation will be determined. No free people ever had a graver responsibility.

* To say, incidentally, that the £50,000,000 a year which we are spending from the unemployment fund in direct relief of the unemployed is a sum made up of savings available for use is not mere logic chopping: it is fundamentally untrue. On no conceivable theory would the whole of the money spent in producing roads and drains go to labour engaged in making them. The whole purpose of the scheme, moreover, is to pay the labourer roughly three times the amount he gets when out of work. If £50,000,000 per annum provides unemployed benefit for our 1,200,000 unemployed, it will take many times that sum to provide employment for even half of them. Moreover, only half the sum will be available because the normal and transitional calls on the fund will still have to be met. Moreover, again, the money can only be *borrowed* from the fund. The fund is the property of the contributor and ultimately the surplus must be distributed in higher benefits to the more or less regularly employed who provide the bulk of the income.

BUDGET AND CONSERVATIVE PROGRAMME

Mr. Baldwin's address, which opened the election campaign on April 18, was worthy in its statesmanlike quality of Mr. Winston Churchill's Budget speech. Like that speech, however, it failed to define the issue sufficiently clearly. The public have got to be shown in unmistakable terms why the lavish expenditure proposed by the Opposition parties will not cure unemployment. Mild words about Treasury orthodoxy, mildly-expressed fears of inflation will not bring home the terrible Nemesis that awaits a country which deliberately increases its consumption of goods without correspondingly increasing its production of exchangeable or consumable goods. To talk in terms of goods, not of money, is in itself to clarify the issue not a little. It is, however, the moral issue which has to be defined in words, as it has been, in the sphere of policy, by Mr. Winston Churchill's courageous Budget.

The people have got to be told, in plain language and without fear of the sophisticated contradictions of professional economists turned amateur politicians, that no device, however spectacular, which does not increase our production of goods in direct economic relation to the money invested can do anything but impoverish our people in the long run. If, tired of the long night of waiting, they lose patience and hope, they can have for a brief and disastrous hour the hectic experiences of the war. But when the money saved so laboriously is broadcast over the countryside and the rising demand for goods sends up prices and wages, the producers to whose efforts these savings are due will find their markets gone. They will not, if this happens, be regained without a catastrophic break with our traditions of free government.

A people which deliberately turns its back on thrift and endurance and spends its husbanded resources on nightmare follies, a people which surrenders itself to the illusion that you can consume more than you have produced, would be a people condemned after an era of unparalleled suffering to surrender their liberties in return for the barest subsistence. The web of history is woven without a void. Causes will produce their effects and none shall escape them.

The Plight of the Mugwump

By Sidney Dark

It might be supposed that the man of uncertain political allegiance would be in a happier position now than he was in the days when there were only two parties from which to choose, and when he had to decide whether for the moment the Tory Codlin or the Liberal Short was the friend. Now there are three possible friends. But, though I am eager to discharge my duties as a citizen, I should still find it a matter of infinite difficulty to determine to whom to give my vote next month, were I not practically disfranchised by living in the northern division of the Borough of Westminster where nothing so vulgar as a political contest is tolerated.

I start with a conviction that I find is only shared by a very few of my contemporaries, but which I am convinced will be accepted by the historian of the future. I believe that the era in European history, which began with the industrial revolution, came to a definite end in 1914 with the outbreak of the war, and that the end of the era is most clearly indicated in England, which had benefited more than any other country from the development of industrialism. The course of events since the war has proved that there is no possibility of the recovery of pre-war conditions. The prosperity of the nation and the more or less assured employment of its workers depended, in the conditions that had slowly evolved during the past hundred years, on the possession of a great export trade. With the destruction of the war years, this trade passed, and it can never be more than partially recovered. Nations, unable between 1914 and 1918 to buy from England, acquired the habit of buying from other sellers, sometimes more cheaply, or learned to manufacture for themselves. The ever-increasing use of oil has permanently affected the demand for coal, while the complex repercussions of the Treaty of Versailles have had their effect on markets.

For years now there has been in this country a standing army of over a million unemployed. With floods of

talk and writing, nothing practical has been done seriously to diminish the numbers of this army, while the comparatively high standard of comfort attained by the English working-class has been to some extent maintained by doles and subsidies, economically and morally unsound, which have still further handicapped industry and have demoralized those whom they were intended to benefit. There has never been, since the Roman Empire, a device more cowardly and less statesmanlike than the dole. I hold the view, without any qualification, that every member of a society has the right to demand work and wages; but I believe that it is as immoral to give a man wages without work as it is to compel him to work without wages.

The duty of the British Government, when it was faced with the appalling volume of post-war unemployment, was to provide work, and Heaven knows there are enough things to be done in this country. That is still the first task of intelligent statesmanship. Here are approximately a million men and women out of work. Give them something to do! If I were convinced that the problem is insoluble, that no intelligence, no courage, no enterprise can rescue the people, from whose unlucky fate I have only been saved by sheer luck, then the society, which can only continue while hefty men loaf at street corners, children are half-fed and families live in rat-infested cellars, would seem to me so completely condemned that I should feel myself compelled at once to enlist in the somewhat attenuated ranks of the Communists, and to aid in the work of revolutionary destruction. But I am no such pessimist.

I am certain that, with intelligent rearrangement, bold scrappings and general unselfishness on the part of the luckier classes, it is perfectly possible, within a reasonable number of years, to secure work and a tolerably comfortable life for the great mass of the people of this country. But if the necessary foresight and co-operation are not forthcoming, I am equally certain that here in England there will be the same sort of smash as has occurred in Russia. We have not yet arrived at our year of revolution. But there may be a year of revolution for us, and I loathe revolutions, not because they pull down the mighty

from their seats and exalt the humble and the meek, but because they invariably make the conditions of the humble and the meek more unpleasant than they were before. Social reconstruction cannot be contrived by the Government alone, but it cannot be contrived without the direction of the Government.

With the industrial problems at home, I am concerned for the preservation of international peace, which depends entirely on the general acceptance of arbitration. War talk is to me disgusting sentimentalism. I am a realist, and I know that another war would mean infinitely more destruction than the last and would almost certainly bring the history of Western civilization to an end.

Unemployment, the destruction of slums, education, peace in industry and among the nations—with these things in my mind, to which party should my suffrage be given?

I am always filled with admiration when I read Mr. Baldwin's speeches. "Here," I say to myself, "is the man for my money—a straightforward Englishman, who cares for the things that matter, indifferent to the denunciation of mean intriguers, incapable of self-seeking, sympathetic, patriotic. Here is the man to build Jerusalem 'in England's green and pleasant land.'" But while Mr. Baldwin's bark is inspiring, he has shown himself a sadly poor biter. The record of his administration is deplorably disappointing. The Prime Minister's social enthusiasm has obviously not infected his Cabinet. Big business and the diehards have been too much for him, and the last five years suggest to me that little is to be expected from a party, the majority of whose members regard the reduction of the income tax as the one consideration of any real importance. Sir Robert Horne is no longer on the Government bench, but Sir Robert Horne is a formidable figure in his corner seat above the gangway, the watch-dog of the class that possesses and means to possess, with the vaguest idea of what to do with its possessions. The outlook of the party is the outlook of the Victorian fat man in an age of leanness.

Apart from two or three personalities of outstanding distinction, it is almost flattering to say that the Cabinet is mediocre. Sir Austen Chamberlain's direction of

Foreign Affairs has, as it seems to me, certainly not made peace more assured. He has not sufficient force of character to impress the chancelleries. He has been dangerously prone, if not to support, at least to tolerate, the half-fearful, half-ambitious nationalism of France. Sir Austen has persistently danced to the piping of M. Poincaré, the shrill-voiced, narrow-visioned Teuton, who is now the most forceful statesman in Europe, Mussolini not excepted.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain has done a great deal for housing, and here, indeed, the Government's achievement is considerable. But Mr. Chamberlain has paid far too much attention to vested interests, and foul slums still exist within a stone's throw of the House of Commons. The effect of the Derating Act on industry has yet to be seen, but I am sceptical whether its result will be in proportion to its complexity.

The fact remains that most of the things that intelligent people five years ago knew ought to be done, and believed would be done, have not been done. There has been no attempt at that reorganization of industry, obviously impossible without Government direction, which would have, as its first concern, the reduction of the cost of power, by the trustification of the mines and the erection of power stations at pit heads. Competent authorities assert that the country can produce three or four times as much food as it is producing now. Such an increase would naturally be accompanied by large additions to the number of men earning their living on the land, and the countryside would vastly decrease the pressure of unemployment in the cities. Nothing has been done to make this possible. Great Britain is selling less and buying more. That is the certain road to bankruptcy and the most wicked stupidity, if it be true that she could produce for herself a great deal of what she is now buying.

The record of the Baldwin Government makes it difficult for the common-sense citizen, who cares nothing for slogans but who cares a great deal for the nation's well-being, to believe that the return of the Conservative Party to power would assure the courageous tackling of vital problems.

Sir Reginald Mitchell Banks says that the aims of his party are: "No more extravagance, up with the Empire, down with the slums." Does "no more extravagance" mean starving education and the essential national services? Down with the slums, certainly, but will the Conservatives lose their consideration for the slum landlords? And I have not the vaguest notion of what "up with the Empire" implies. Certainly a considerable number of the unemployed could be provided with work and homes in the Dominions, and a thorough-going scheme of Empire emigration might be an important part of the social reconstruction that I have in mind. It might be very good business to subsidize the development of Australia which could support millions more inhabitants. But will the Dominion Governments cooperate or even sanction? No, I am not persuaded by Sir Reginald Mitchell Banks's slogans.

A few months ago it would have seemed that only those electors with an eccentric passion for lost causes would vote Liberal, and it was confidently anticipated that a large part of Mr. Lloyd George's swollen election funds would be eaten up in forfeited deposits. There is now, however, reason to anticipate a considerable number of Liberal victories. Mr. Lloyd George is by far the most expert electioneer in English politics, and his promise to tackle unemployment, his suggestion of teetotal legislation, and the pulpit fervour of his eloquence will probably bring back to the Liberal fold a considerable proportion of those Nonconformist sheep who have wandered over to Labour.

Part of the responsibility for the decadence of the Liberal Party, perhaps the greater part, rests with Mr. Lloyd George himself. But he who has partially destroyed may yet largely re-create. For my part, I am far too consistent a mugwump to care for wizardry in politics, and I suspect that the man who promises the impossible will fail to achieve the possible. I do not believe that, by legislation or administration or reorganization, unemployment can be reduced to the normal, whatever that may be, within a year. Mr. Lloyd George's promise could not possibly be fulfilled, and it is reasonable to suppose that it was only made because it is improbable that he will be

in a position to endeavour to fulfil it. Mr. Lloyd George, too, was directly responsible for what are to me the tragic blunders of the Peace of Versailles, and I would certainly rather that international affairs were finally controlled by Mr. Baldwin than by the Liberal leader.

A Liberal Government or a Coalition Government, in which the Liberals exercised any considerable influence, would probably amend the Education Acts in a way which would bring to an end a large number of church schools, the existence of which is already extremely precarious. The enthusiasm and the admirable organization of the Roman Catholics would almost certainly secure for them the retention of their schools, and might, indeed, improve their present position, for by Act of Parliament, or, even by administrative order, the Roman Catholics might secure preferential treatment that the circumstances of the church schools would not make it reasonable for them to demand. Moreover, what was to me the unexpected and extraordinary outburst of Protestant fervour, occasioned by the Prayer Book Measure, might well be exploited, and should the Church persist in practically ignoring the directions of the State, as the majority of the bishops appear to propose, disestablishment with a large measure of disendowment would not be unpopular, and might hasten the renaissance of Liberalism. Certainly I shall not vote Liberal.

There remains the Labour Party which, despite its great growth since the war, is still in the throes of birth. It is a party vague in both its final and its immediate objectives, and it includes men of so great a variety of opinion that it is difficult to believe that it can exist for another ten years without splitting into two or even three separate groups. In considering whether or no to support such a party, the elector is compelled to base his decision on his judgment of personalities. The party as a whole is pledged to international peace, to the destruction of slums, and to such changes in industrial conditions as will bring unemployment to an end, and will secure a decent livelihood for every willing worker. The intention is admirable, but it is necessary carefully to consider how it is to be carried out, and by whom.

For Mr. Ramsay MacDonald himself, a friend of many

years' standing, I have both admiration and respect. Until the final blunder that brought his Government down, his direction of foreign affairs was strong and intelligent. In a few months he won the respect of every Foreign Office in Europe, and he permanently affected the orientation of British international policy. But Mr. MacDonald lacks courage at moments of crisis. Over and over again he has expressed unqualified scorn for the hare-brained policy of the I.L.P., but he cannot be relied upon to resist even when he despises. He was influenced by the clamour of the extremists over the Campbell case five years ago, and it is hard to believe that he would always remain deaf to the clamour of the extremists who may be of considerable strength in the new Parliament.

Mr. Snowden was, as the City admits, a cautious and able Finance Minister. If he is again Chancellor, he certainly will oppose either taxation or legislation designed to create the millennium at a Segrave pace, and, incidentally, calculated to destroy national credit and to ensure financial disaster. Mr. Snowden is, however, a bureaucrat steeped in the doctrines of the Webbs. A government controlled by him would out-Dora Dora, and the restrictions on individual liberty, already intolerable, would become infinitely harder to endure.

Mr. J. H. Thomas is the ablest parliamentarian in his party and, indeed, after Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George, he is the ablest parliamentarian in the House of Commons. He is human and humorous. He has immense courage and great tact. But I trust Mr. Thomas as little as I trust his countryman, Mr. Lloyd George.

With Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at the Foreign Office, there would be a steady, intelligently patriotic movement towards arbitration and the genuine outlawry of war. Of that I am convinced. But I am also convinced that, able as Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Thomas are, they will not be able to ignore Mr. James Maxton and his friends, and I am fearful of what would happen if there were an attempt to carry out even part of the programme recently adumbrated by the I.L.P. at Carlisle—immediate disarmament, trade union pay for the unemployed,

Socialism in our time. Mr. Maxton is an able and attractive man, but he is blind to the fact that radical change must come slowly if it is to be effective, and that if you upset the apple-cart, you destroy the apples.

However firmly Mr. Maxton is held in hand and however moderate may be the composition of the Labour Cabinet, the social reform to which the party is pledged, and for which it exists, obviously cannot be secured without vast expenditure, and here I am apprehensive of Mr. Snowden's popularity with high finance. It would be possible for a Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer to avoid affronting the City while adding to the burdens of the already over-taxed middle class. The prosperity of a country, with falling exports, depends on the multiplication of the number of its citizens who have money in their pockets to spend. The more men are employed, and the higher wages they are paid, the greater is the chance of an industrial revival. This is the argument in favour of the immediate proposal of works of national utility. It is also an argument against taking away from the spending power of any considerable class. I am not perturbed by the fate of the men whose income is many thousands. I am concerned with the class whose incomes vary from £500 to £2,000, and who are now reasonably asking themselves who will pay for the reforms and experiments that would follow a Labour victory.

Never has it been harder to determine how a mugwump should vote, and I am relieved by the fact that there will be no contest in my constituency.

N.B.—My article was written before Mr. Baldwin's Drury Lane speech and Mr. Snowden's onslaught on the Balfour letter. Mr. Baldwin confirmed my admiration and my fear of Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Snowden blurted out what thousands of men outside the Labour Party have thought for years.

The New Airships

By Poseidon

On May 4, 1924, five years ago, the decision to construct the aerial mastodons R100 and R101 was announced in the House of Commons. The policy of undertaking this great and costly airship programme was not, as is sometimes alleged, a leap in the dark : rather has it been a slow and stately progress against the light, for a rich fund of experience was at the disposal of all those responsible for our present airship position. Sixty-one German Zeppelins had been constructed for the German Navy of which fifty-one became casualties. Since the war, at the instigation of airship enthusiasts, though not at their charges, fifteen great airships had been designed and for the most part built, eight of which, *for construction alone*, had cost taxpayers the not inconsiderable sum of £2,015,000. Some of these had never flown, having been broken up to make room, seemingly, for new construction. R34 made one spectacular flight to America and back, in which trip no useful load was transported and disaster was narrowly escaped. The remainder achieved nothing whatever beyond a few local flights in calm weather to impress the populace. Though nothing of the slightest value had been achieved by airships, disaster, great or small, had overtaken all those vessels which had not been "deleted" before completion or trial.

R31 made two flights of two hours' duration, broke a fin, and flew no more.

R33, the most successful airship, broke from her mast at Pulham, in April 1925, and subsequently made a few exhibition flights in calm weather and was then broken up.

R34, which crossed the Atlantic in record time for any airship in 1919, was completely wrecked in 1921.

R36 was damaged while mooring two months after completion and never flew again, though she was reconditioned at great cost in 1925–26 for semi-tropical and mooring-mast trials which were incontinently cancelled after the reconditioning had taken place.

R37, built at Cardington at a cost of £325,000, was never completed and the structure was scrapped.

R38 was completely wrecked after seventy hours in the air, forty-four lives being lost.

R39 was not completed and was scrapped.

R80, which cost £275,000, was stated in Parliament to be "not in existence."

Experience has not, however, been confined to this country. The U.S.A. airship "Roma" crashed to the earth in flames involving a death-roll of thirty-four and injury to eleven.

The French airship "Dixmude" was lost with the crew of fifty-three, by lightning so it was assumed, since when the French have not flown their second large airship the "Méditerranée."

The U.S.A. airship "Shenandoah" was completely wrecked with a death-roll of fourteen.

The story of the "Norge" is fresh in everyone's mind. In addition to these large airships, the few smaller airships that have been flown for military purposes in the past two or three years have, for the most part, been destroyed.

On the credit side we have still in existence the "Los Angeles" and the "Graf Zeppelin," both designed, built, and *piloted* by the greatest airship designer, Dr. Eckener, the *commercial* value of whose achievements, however, the world is in a position to judge. Dr. Eckener, it should be added, has stated that there is nothing more to be known about airships, and that if the "Graf Zeppelin" failed, as she has, to establish regular airship voyages, airships are doomed. No more experiment is required.

It will thus be seen that experience of airships was by no means negligible when the present ambitious "Empire-linking" project was launched, an experience reinforced with the loss of the "Shenandoah" and "Norge," and the failure of the "Graf Zeppelin," while our new airships have been under construction. We must assume, therefore, that this experience has been considered to be full of promise for the giant gasbags now shortly to be launched after the extraordinary vacillations of the past five years.

These vacillations are noteworthy. Both vessels were laid down to operate between England and India, and the greatest building ever erected in the world, so we are told, is waiting for their reception at Karachi. In the meantime, however, we hear little of the route to India

for which the Burney ship was definitely contracted, and instead there appears to be a "linking scheme" on foot between England and America for the Burney ship (R100). Mooring masts, gas plants, meteorological stations, and all the vast paraphernalia inevitably associated with airships are reported to be springing up in Canada, South Africa, Australia, and elsewhere.

Two short years ago Commander Burney asserted that *inert* gas would be substituted for the dangerous hydrogen gas, "for obvious reasons," as he admitted in a rare burst of candour. The inert gas has evaporated, and hydrogen is after all to be used. Both airships have been stated to be of the strongest possible construction; and yet *duralumin* is used in R100 and *stainless steel* in R101. The new engines foreshadowed by Commander Burney, like the inert gas, have not materialized. Each periodical outburst in the newspapers about these absurd monsters contains new stories of what they will convey, where they will voyage, what they are costing, and for what purpose they were built. As aircraft carriers they are now not mentioned, though as such they were ardently heralded at their inception. Indeed, it is dangerous now to make any definite statement about these two specimens of the nation's property. Changes in policy and design have in the past two years been so kaleidoscopic that any statement is likely to be challenged. It is impossible for the closest scrutiny to detect a gleam of coherence in the whole sorry business. Two years ago, however, it was different. Up to the early part of 1927 the whole airship scheme was laid as bare as the cupboard which Mother Hubbard so industriously searched for the solitary bone that was not there.

Neon exposed the airship myth once and for all, and "The Great Delusion" will stand for all time as a monumental exposure, *in advance*, of the airship bubble. No useful purpose can be served in going over in any detail the ground so very completely covered by Neon. In spite of the unanswerable warning which "The Great Delusion" contained if these schemes were persisted in, they *were* persisted in, and we must accept our two white elephants whose appearance in the blue is now promised us, perhaps wisely, after the General Election.

Disinterested and informed airship critics have in the past two years been informed, and the public encouraged to believe, that it is impossible to *foresee* how these airship schemes will work out. We have been told that "speculation" is worthless; "Trial and Error" alone, it is said, can settle this vast problem. We have been instructed to regard these fantastic aerial projects as magnificent and enlightened experiments in the "evolution" of transport. The ingenuity of this attitude is manifest. It ensures to its preachers the best of all worlds, "safeguarding" those technically responsible for the whole project from censure and ridicule when its failure, complete and devastating, is manifest for all to see. The very serious position of "scientists" and "technicians" (not practical engineers, be it noted) who first inflated, and subsequently nourished, this bubble was sufficiently emphasized by Sir Samuel Hoare in the Air Debate of March 17, 1927, when he said :—

> The Air Ministry had taken every conceivable form of scientific advice regarding the airships. A great body of scientists in this country, unconnected with the Ministry, who were engaged upon this problem, as well as his technical advisers at the Ministry, informed him that he might look forward to these two airships flying safely from one end of the Empire to the other, and performing the useful purposes of interior communication and defence. He believed it was one of the most interesting scientific experiments being undertaken in any country at present, and he believed the money would be found to be very well spent.

Surely "professional scientists" and academic "technicians" are about to bring the once proud title of science, and the *art* of engineering, into disrepute and ridicule. The writer may be singular, but he was distinctly under the impression that science meant knowledge of, and obedience to, natural laws rather than experiment in means of circumventing and dodging well-known natural laws. Yet we are now persistently informed by professors of the new science that "Trial and Error" alone can settle this airship enterprise, and others. Indeed, "Trial and Error" has become the watchword of so-called modern progress, a watchword more suited to savages in Central Africa than to professors in England in 1929, when employed on a vast

scale at taxpayers' expense instead of in the laboratory at the experimenter's own charges.

Is the lifting power of hydrogen gas known, or is it not known? Is it necessary to "try out" whether 5,000,000 cubic feet of pure hydrogen will lift 151·7 tons *at sea level*? Is it necessary to "try out" whether a vessel larger than the "Mauretania" can lift more than 151 tons including the weight of her own vast structure, her engines, her fuel, her commercially useless ballast (15 tons), and her essential crew? Do "scientists" seriously believe that simple and sensible folk need the construction of such mastodons and their paraphernalia to prove to them their economic futility? Dr. Eckener himself has admitted that it will be necessary to charge £1,250 per ton freightage on a regular service to make an airship pay, including in this not inconsiderable fee the weight of passengers and mails. Does the deadly inflammable nature of hydrogen require "trial"? If so, what of that possible "error" that has overtaken previous airships? Is it scientifically essential to construct buildings of staggering proportions to "try out" whether the airship can enter one in a light cross-wind when we know that small airships are unable to do so? Is it judicious or in accordance with sound, if old-fashioned, engineering practice to construct a "mooring tower" to "try out" whether an airship can ride out a gale? What will happen when the trial fails, as it is likely to do, if, as is improbable, the trial is deliberately made? It appears that scientists and technicians, the modern substitute for practical engineers, consider it their inalienable right to "try out" their absurd projects on the persons and at the charges of a public bewitched by the term "science," for, by their own admission and actions, this is their proposal.

Let us, however, leave aside all consideration of the machines themselves; their danger, economic futility, and so forth. Let us assume, as is in fact the case, that economics have ceased to concern the protagonists of the New Progress, and that danger and difficulties of handling have been triumphantly overcome. The assumption is, of course, ridiculous, but let us make it.

There remains over and above all mechanical,

technical, and economic disabilities an unchanging disability in all long-distance aerial transport, whether by airship or aeroplane, and the fatal flaw in all these visionary schemes is this. Aircraft operate in a single moving medium, unlike all terrestrial vehicles—ships, trains, or motor-cars—which operate in two. Now what precisely does this imply? It implies that to air-borne bodies there is no such thing as "wind," as that term is generally understood. The moment a body becomes air-borne, whether by buoyancy, as in an airship or a balloon, or by air-pressure, as in the case of an aeroplane, all wind-pressure ceases. Thus the air-borne body flies in a calm, no matter what the speed of the "wind" may be, and the airship or aeroplane assumes the full speed and direction of the wind upon which its own proper speed and course are merely superimposed.

To anyone looking up at an airship heading into a strong wind it has the appearance of "battling" with the wind, but in reality it is doing nothing of the sort, the airship being in a perfect calm, but that calm *a moving calm*. There is a very widespread idea, perfectly natural in the non-seafaring public, that a head-wind or side-wind is to an airship or an aeroplane what a head-wind or side-wind is to a motor-car or a ship, but such is not the case. A motor-car being driven at 30 m.p.h. into a light 20-mile an hour wind experiences, as we know, a very slight resistance which can be overcome by a very slight increase of power with the accelerator so as to maintain a steady 30 m.p.h. over the ground. If, however, we imagine that we could raise the car off the ground by inclining, shall we say, the wings, and that the car was propelled by an air-screw instead of by the usual method, the moment the car became air-borne, all pressure from the enveloping wind would cease, and the car would proceed over the ground at 10 m.p.h. only, that is to say at a speed which is the difference between the car's engine speed and the speed of the wind.

Let us now assume an airship to be launched on a 3,000-mile voyage, the airship's speed being 70 m.p.h. Let us assume further that there is a favourable air-current of 40 m.p.h., a very usual speed over the Atlantic at flying heights. The airship will make good over the

sea, under these circumstances, 110 m.p.h., and will, disregarding the innumerable mischances which may overtake her on the voyage, reach her destination in 27·27 hours, having steamed 1,908 air miles only while accomplishing 3,000 sea miles. Now reverse the current. The airship will now make good 30 m.p.h. over the sea, and will require 100 hours for the voyage. In this 100 hours she will "steam" 7,000 air miles in order to accomplish 3,000 sea miles, and will burn a proportionate quantity of fuel. Thus the *distance* of the voyage will be affected to the extent of 5,092 air miles according to whether the wind—the air-current—is favourable or adverse.

Now, the winds are under no man's control, and as all those who know the Atlantic intimately will allow, Atlantic winds frequently, and at certain seasons generally, exceed 40 m.p.h. How then is any sort of time-table to be maintained? Disregarding time-tables, as our experience of aerial transport entitles us to do, how is an adequate reserve of fuel to be carried to ensure the passengers against certain disaster if the wind exceeds anticipations or changes its anticipated incidence? It is, of course, always possible to carry fuel instead of passengers as is seemingly proposed in the first east to west passage of R100 (Commander Burney's vessel), but if every drop of petrol the airship can lift is embarked, to the exclusion of all pay-load and passengers, this vast cargo of petrol may well prove inadequate and the vessel will be lost.

What, it may be asked, is the "scientific" answer to this over-ruling governance of all air-borne bodies by the movement of the atmosphere itself in which the flight takes place? Does "science" propose to control the winds? It cannot as yet foretell them. It is sometimes said that airships will revive the old sailing ship routes, adjusting their route to suit the winds. Apart from the fact that reversion to those sailing ship routes from which steam released us is a somewhat novel form of progress, it must be remembered that there is no analogy whatever between an airship and a sailing ship, an airship being a mechanically propelled vessel in a *moving* ocean of currents, unlike a sailing vessel to which the wind is a source of energy on a *stationary* sea.

Thus it will be seen that the lives of passengers in long-distance aerial voyages are utterly at the mercy of the air-currents encountered. But this is by no means the end of the story. Navigation is quite impossible under a variety of circumstances constantly arising. If land-marks are not in sight, it is impossible to discover the speed or direction of the wind, and since the aircraft assumes the full speed and direction of the air-current in which she is immersed, it will readily be seen that an aircraft may be hundreds of miles out in her reckoning and unable, therefore, to judge what course to steer by compass. In other words, she will be lost over a great barren waste of waters or, like the "Southern Cross," over a desolate country, with nothing to guide her. Those who look to wireless to correct this terrible navigational disability are looking to a broken reed, as scores of flights, over sea and land, have amply demonstrated.

What do "scientists" and "technicians" propose to do about these unchanging operational disabilities? They assuredly cannot alter them and, so far as the writer is aware, they have not as yet claimed that they can do so, for such a claim would be tantamount to a claim on the part of science to an ability to alter the laws of physics and dynamics. It is curious how this absolute veto of the wind on long-distance aerial transport is overlooked by the public. Time after time aircraft are announced in blazing headlines to start at a certain time on a certain day. The wind, however, being unsuitable, the flight is postponed for days, often for weeks, as, for one example out of scores, the non-stop flight from England to the Cape with a great cargo of petrol but nothing else. If, on the other hand, the aircraft unhappily starts, as did the "Southern Cross," when the wind over the route was unsettled, we know the consequences; consequences which have overtaken countless spectacular flights in the past, and which will overtake other flights in the coming "flying season"—a term which should make us reflect on the commercial value of aviation, unless we are to be content that modern transport must be seasonal.

Is it seriously believed that any outpouring of public money on "research" can alter the well-known laws of lift? Lift is mathematically calculable, as also is the horse-power required to increase the velocity of flying

machines from one speed to another. Vast and unending experiment is not required by the public, though it is essential to the very existence of the aircraft industry.

No power on earth, or in heaven, can make a 100 m.p.h. aircraft cover the ground at more than 60 m.p.h. if a 40-knot adverse wind is blowing. This fact, coupled with the calculable and limited endurance of any particular type of air-borne machine, and the navigational disabilities of *all* aircraft previously referred to, constitutes the essence of the case against a future for Empire "Air-linking," disregarding entirely discomfort, danger, and economic disabilities.

Let us suppose that the seas and oceans were in a continual state of horizontal flux at speeds which bore the same relation to the speeds of steamships that the atmosphere bears to aircraft. Under such circumstances long ocean voyages would be commercially impossible. Fuel, and therefore pay-load, could not be gauged; navigation would be a hair-raising hazard; wrecks would exceed in number those voyages safely accomplished. No seaman will deny this, and who will venture to say that the case is different with aircraft, except in so far as there are hazards in the air which far transcend the hazards in sea-going ships under the fantastic conditions postulated?

Notwithstanding the assurance that "Trial and Error" alone can settle what is called "the airship problem," a "problem" that is in reality no problem at all, it is possible to foretell the future of the new airships with considerable accuracy, provided that none of those ever-present dangers suddenly intervenes to destroy them out of hand. Let us remember that their total lift is 151·7 tons at the earth's surface, and that this maximum lift decreases by 12 tons at the moderate flying height of 2,500 feet. Allowing R100 the very liberal allowance of 15 tons as the *ostensible* useful load, it is clear that this weight cannot be embarked with a full petrol load, for such a weight can only be lifted at ground level. It can be utilized for passengers and cargo if, and only if, an appropriate amount of fuel, and thus endurance, is relinquished. Thus, those local experimental flights in good weather, with which we shall at first be regaled, can lift 100 passengers and 5 tons of cargo to a height of

2,500 feet by the simple expedient of carrying 15 tons short of the full stowage of petrol. Indeed, in local trips in fine weather a remarkable display can be arranged by the simple expedient of juggling with fuel. Housing of the mammoth should present no insuperable difficulties if the occasions for the display are carefully chosen, as we may confidently expect that they will be. The time, however, will approach when the trial trip to America must be undertaken (India, for which the ship was contracted, has seemingly been abandoned). The best month would be October, which is a propitious month for Atlantic airship voyages as Dr. Eckener so well knows. It is fairly safe to assume that the passenger list and freight will be negligible, fuel being the all-important factor in the east to west crossing because the prevailing wind is westerly. Let us not forget that the 15 tons of useful load can only be lifted at the earth's surface, and since the lift is reduced by 12 tons at 2,500 feet, with the fuel tanks full, as they certainly will be, pay-load cannot be embarked. This fact will account for the absence of passengers and cargo, reinforced by the necessity of avoiding premature disaster to unwary passengers.

Should she make the passage to America *as an oil tanker* in safety, as well she may in fine weather, though the danger is great, the return voyage may be made to appear a seeming triumph. With an east-moving atmosphere large quantities of fuel may with some confidence be jettisoned, and the ship may be loaded with enthusiastic American propagandists ready to proclaim "the Dawn of the Air Age," that dawn which, after a quarter of a century of flight, keeps on dawning.

The whole question of air transport is exactly calculable, provided the air itself behaves in the manner desired, and in the manner upon which the preliminary calculations have been made. In short, the forthcoming airship trials will be a skilful juggle with fuel and weather, and it is well that the public should know this in advance. The risk to life is very grave, but with skilled attention to the matters here alluded to that risk can be, and certainly should be, largely reduced. Let us all hope it ends in costly comedy and not in tragedy.

The writer has set forth in no uncertain terms, here and elsewhere, his condemnation *in advance* of this

aerial bubble. He has, however, one word to say in defence of airships, and it is this. In spite of their demonstrable and proved futility, they are, none the less, incomparably more practicable for "Empire-linking" than aeroplanes can ever be. Their lift is far greater. They permit some semblance of navigation, impossible in aeroplanes, and by navigation is meant *navigation* ; not the hugging of coast lines, railway lines, and rivers, which today is spoken of as navigation by aeronautical navigators. In fog or darkness they can ease down to slow speed, which an aeroplane cannot do without stalling. They can land at zero speed instead of at 40–70 m.p.h., the speed of an express train.

The writer is not alone in regarding airships as superior to aeroplanes as "Empire-linkers," if, indeed, a machine that is useless for practical purposes can be said to be superior to anything. Sir Alan Cobham stated publicly that "the establishment of an air service between Great Britain and Australia will be effected by airships and not by aeroplanes," and he has also asserted that aerial transport is not a paying proposition and that "commercial success is not the issue."* Sir Samuel Hoare himself has stated in a special interview :—

> For long-distance journeys airships are probably the most suitable craft. Flying in an aeroplane for more than a few hours soon becomes tiring, and it is to the airship I look for the long-distance passenger-carrier of the future.

When "the Trial" of the airship policy is completed (*as it is to be hoped it will be completed by the new airships*) and "the Error" established, we shall have memorials of no mean proportions to remind us of the consequences of scientific "Trial and Error" on a vast subsidized scale. If the mooring-towers and fabulous hangars dotting the world remind us all that true science is knowledge and not muddled speculation, that truth is static and not evolutionary, our experience, though costly, will be cheaply purchased. Upon these Brobdingnagian tombstones subsidized "science," State enterprise, and capitalistic socialism should find engraved their simple epitaph, R.I.P.

* Notwithstanding Sir Alan Cobham's very definite statement it is noteworthy that he has accepted a directorship of the newly formed *subsidized* company, "Flying Services, Ltd."

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

Foch and Clemenceau.—Quite a lot of nonsense has been written on M. Raymond Recouly's "revelation" that Foch and M. Clemenceau did not see eye to eye, all the time, during the peace discussions of 1918 and 1919. The Tiger, aroused from his silence in the Rue Franklin, announces that he is going to reply and has begun writing his memoirs at ferocious speed. He is quite capable of looking after himself and may certainly be relied upon to do so without in any way belittling the fame of Foch or of himself. Two men of their ardent sincerity could scarcely be expected to work together at their vast task of saving France without having occasional differences of opinion. The miracle is that these were not more frequent. Their chief difference arose over the security to be given to French eastern frontiers in the Versailles Treaty. I was in a humble capacity involved in the discussion of this problem. Since it was, and, indeed, still is, the touchstone of all French policy, it is of interest to state what happened.

Rhineland Occupation.—Foch maintained with the utmost vigour, in a series of notes addressed to the Government, that the "military frontier of the Rhine is essential to the maintenance of peace." He outlined a scheme whereby by depriving Germany of the Rhine bridgeheads she would be unable, as she did in 1870, and in 1914, to use her territory on the left bank as a jumping-off place for the invasion of France and Belgium.

By the beginning of 1919, M. Clemenceau had adopted the late Marshal's point of view and instructed his able lieutenant, the present Minister of the Interior, M. André Tardieu, to prepare a memorandum for the Big Four, especially with a view to meeting the objections of Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George.

Disputes and Difficulties.—Throughout March and April, Foch and M. Clemenceau fought a stubborn rearguard action. On March 31 Foch made his last appeal to the Big Four. It is to be hoped that for once that illustrious soldier was mistaken, for he declared: "If we do not permanently hold the Rhine, there is no neutrality, no disarmament or any written clause which can prevent Germany seizing the Rhine and debouching

from it with advantage. The Rhine is still today the essential rampart of the safety of Western Europe and, therefore, of civilization." His was a voice crying in a wilderness. None of his allied military comrades supported him. King Albert of Belgium, who attended a meeting four days later, was not in favour of a prolonged occupation. M. Clemenceau sought to save what he could, but it was only at the end of three weeks of acute crisis that he finally obtained the acceptance by Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George of the compromise contained in article XIV of the Treaty of Versailles.

Foch Defeated.—Foch refused to admit defeat, and perhaps with more courage than discretion endeavoured to arouse public opinion against the politicians. He declined to transmit the note convoking the German peace plenipotentiaries. Mr. Lloyd George and Wilson protested vehemently, declaring that, immense as were the Marshal's war services, he must be made to recognize that the last word in such a matter had to be said by the Governments concerned.

Foch, only twenty-four hours before the terms were handed to Germany, declared in plenary sitting of the allied delegates that the security afforded by article XIV of the Treaty could best be represented by a zero. He pleaded in vain. All this is, of course, ancient history, but the problem of French security has remained an active source of European trouble. It has led to the whole series of French alliances with small States in Eastern Europe, to the maintenance of conscription, and a large military budget, to the extraordinary Rhineland Revolution, and in part to the occupation of the Ruhr.

War Debts.—"The trouble with Germany," said a Frenchman today, "is that she has learned Foch's lesson too well—won't be beaten." She came to the experts' conference presumably with the idea of scaling down the Dawes payments, and by the commercialization of her debt obtaining Rhineland evacuation. Now she produces promises of payment which are almost ludicrously inadequate and hints that she might be able to meet her creditors' minimum figure in return for political and economic concessions in Silesia, Danzig, and the colonies. Her attitude has surprised even the United

States. It would not have astonished Foch, and provides his countrymen with an excellent opportunity of saying, "We told you so," to all their late allies and associates. France certainly will not and cannot accept any arrangement which leaves her to bear all the heavy cost of war reparations. The death of Lord Revelstoke provided an excuse for delay in the proceedings, but it seems scarcely possible that Germany will find any profit in putting an abrupt end to the conference.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan probably thinks that he has been better employed as host to the Archbishop of Canterbury in Greek waters than he would have been imperilling his reputation for omnipotence in Paris. As things are at present, the chances of reconciling the Greek and Anglican Churches would seem to be greater than those of getting the debtor lamb to lie down with the creditor lion. Some solution must, of course, be found if Germany is to continue to benefit from the somewhat mitigated trust shown in her at Locarno and Geneva.

A Blum that Flowers in the Spring. — M. Leon Blum's return to Parliament as deputy for Narbonne provides the Socialist Party once again with an able leader. M. Blum's narrow victory in the first poll upset ministerial calculations, for although the constituency has a long Socialist past, it was felt that M. Blum's cold, intellectual character, his Jewish descent, the state of his banking account, and the fact that he was frankly a carpet-bagger would suffice to turn the scales against him in a country of the South, with an intensely developed regional feeling and grave suspicions of any man possessed of means. Moreover, M. Blum is a drinker of water, which in a wine-growing country is the only sin that really matters. M. Blum managed to put enough wine in his water and captured enough of the boisterous manner of the Midi to scrape through straightaway. That he did so is a tribute to his own great intelligence, but behind him he had a thoroughly well-disciplined party. His reappearance in the Chamber of Deputies will greatly increase the prospects of the new Cartel against M. Poincaré and may well have its first effect upon this month's municipal elections. These, much more accurately than in Great Britain, indicate and influence national election results.

Indian Politics and British Trade

Nation-building at the Expense of Commerce

By Sir Gilbert Vyle

(Ex-President of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce)

INDIAN affairs will, no doubt, be obscured by home politics during the next few months, but with the passing of the General Election they must inevitably come into prominence once more. And that, if for no other reason, because an early task of the new Government—whatever its colour may be—must be the consideration of the reports of the Simon Commission on the present and future Government of British India, and of the Harcourt Butler Committee on the relations between the Indian States and the Government of British India and the British Crown.

Definite and far-reaching decisions will have to be made in regard to each of them, and these decisions must also be carefully co-ordinated if a period of tranquillity, progress and prosperity is to be secured for India as a whole, and if due care is to be given to the expansion and development of British trade and commerce with the Indian sub-continent.

(1) TRADE AS THE ORIGIN OF BRITISH ASSOCIATION WITH INDIA.

For, apart from all questions of politics, that is an aspect of the matter which must not be forgotten. We have undertaken a great responsibility in India. We are, consciously, or half-consciously, or unconsciously, attempting to stimulate and nourish the growth of an Indian nation. But we also have a responsibility to our own people—who live by commerce and industry. And in our anxiety to take our fair share of (what we imagine to be) the European's burden of teaching the inhabitants of Asia and Africa to be peace-loving, self-governing and progressive according to the standards of Western education, sanitation and sociology, we must not lose sight of the fact that it is the burden of all men to earn their bread by tilling, making, buying and selling.

And in this connection it should be remembered that we did not go to India originally either to found an Empire or to build a nation, but to trade. The wealth and resources of the Indies exercised an irresistible

attraction upon pioneer traders of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and it was in emulation of the success attending the early efforts of the Portuguese and the Dutch that the East India Company—popularly known at a later date as "John Company"—was formed and received a Charter from Queen Elizabeth in 1600.

(2) The Development of the East India Company and how it came into Relation with the Indian States.

The traders naturally were at first interested only in the coastal regions, where sufficient commerce was to be found to satisfy their immediate requirements ; and even as and when they were drawn inland for one reason or purpose or another, they extended their influence and later their conquests along the more accessible and fertile regions of the plains and great river valleys, leaving the more mountainous or difficult regions in a state of independence or alliance under their own Princes. The foundation of the map of the "Two Indias"—British and Indian India—as we know it today (or rather as most of us do not know it) was laid in those early days by traders in the interests of trade.

It was, as a matter of fact, a European war between France and England that involved the East India Company in the stormy current of Indian politics. The war naturally spread to the representatives of the two countries in India, and both sides found themselves seeking either the alliance or the neutrality of one or other of the "Country Powers." What the Company really wanted, however, throughout this period, as Sir Sidney Low has pointed out in a recent booklet on the subject, was "security for its factories and agents, freedom to trade, and a fair deal, or if possible something more, as against its European rivals."

The whole situation was, however, changed by the massacre at the Black Hole of Calcutta and by Clive's victory of vengeance at Plassey. The British became masters of Bengal. Four years later they decisively defeated the French, and in another twelve years we find Warren Hastings repudiating the payment of the tribute by the East India Company to the Moghul Emperor. Almost without perceiving what had happened, this trading concern had become a Continental Power, in

control of enormous territories which it was obliged to govern, and in close relations with various Indian rulers and Governments, many of whom sought its favour or protection.

(3) Political Adventures Lead to the Mutiny.

But when the East India Company first entered the field of diplomacy and began to negotiate treaties and alliances with the States of India, it did so with extreme diffidence and without any true conception of the strength of its position. As a trading company, it was disposed to look with a certain amount of awe upon the potentates who ruled the States. Indeed, the Company did not finally "find its feet" in the diplomatic sphere until Warren Hastings had repelled the Mahratta invasion and established its position more firmly in its trading areas. It was then realized that a ring of States in friendly alliance would be a valuable safeguard against the interruption of trading and commercial activities, and treaties were arranged with many neighbouring rulers. These treaties had also, in many instances, the additional objective of securing the Company's interests against the competitive efforts and intrigues of its European rivals.

Generally speaking, the rulers of the States themselves were quite ready to enter into these agreements with the Company, since in doing so they safeguarded their territories from aggression from without and secured their sovereign status within their own realms. But despite this entry into the diplomatic field, which resulted eventually in the Company becoming the predominant power with treaties in force with practically every independent State, its defined policy for over two centuries was that trading was its primary function ; and its agents were counselled to concern themselves as little as possible with the politics of India. It was only in the last few years of the Company's existence that its administrators substituted for this policy ambitious schemes of intervention and annexation with the object of extending the frontiers of British India. The Governors and Commanders-in-Chief had forgotten about commerce and industry and thought they could assume the function of Providence towards all the peoples of India. The result was the Mutiny.

(4) The End of Annexations and the Expansion of Our Export Trade to India.

During the Mutiny the British power in India was saved by the rulers of the Indian States. They stood faithfully by their treaties, and their services and fidelity were acknowledged in Queen Victoria's proclamation of 1858, whereby the possessions and executive authority of the East India Company passed to the Crown. In that proclamation it was solemnly declared that no further extension of territory would be attempted or allowed. All treaties and engagements made with the States by the Company were accepted and an undertaking was given that they would be scrupulously observed. This declaration and this undertaking were repeated and confirmed both by King Edward and King George.

There followed that astounding period of commercial and industrial development and prosperity that will always be connected with the Victorian era. We began railway building in India and our trade returns bore testimony to the growing importance of that country as a market for the textiles, the machinery, and the manufactures of the British industrial districts. And not only did we build railways but we started an unceasing war against famine, pestilence and drought. We sought to improve the health and material condition of India's millions and thereby we increased their purchasing power with beneficent reactions upon our own manufacturing and exporting industries.

How far-reaching were these reactions is evident from a comparison between our exports to India in 1857 and in 1907. In the Mutiny year we exported goods to the value of £12,000,000, which was also the average for the five years 1854–58. Fifty years later the figure was £51,000,000.

But it was characteristic of the Victorian Era that we should feel the conviction that what was good for Europeans was, *ipso facto* and in the same form, good for Orientals. We were also convinced that it was a misfortune for any people—especially any Oriental people—to remain outside the orbit of direct British rule. We therefore began the education of Indians on purely Western lines, and there grew up a policy, or at least a practice, of gradual encroachment on the prerogatives of the Indian Princes. Both of these movements were

destined to have results during the first third of the present century that would have astonished our grandfathers in the India of the post-Mutiny days.

(5) Development of Native Industries and of their Competition with British Trade.

In the earlier days of British trade with India business proceeded on the straightforward and simple lines then in vogue. The East Indiamen carried to India the manufactured products of Britain, and brought back to this country spices and indigo and tea as well as certain products of the native craftsmen. The large peasant population, together with the accumulated wealth of certain classes, afforded a field of operations that was, perhaps, unequalled in the world. And after the practical elimination of the Dutch, the Portuguese, and the French, there was no competition to speak of.

But more recently a very different state of affairs has come into existence. The great Indian merchants began to realize that Indian labour, though less efficient than that of Lancashire, was out of all proportion less costly. We began to experience a demand for textile machinery as well as for textiles. India established her own cotton industry. And steel that had been imported from our northern counties began to be made in Bengal and Bombay. The industrial revolution had arrived in India a century late, but it had arrived. It is true that Indian mills only produce in the main the lower counts of cotton piece-goods. But our cotton trade has not only to meet this competition but that of Japan, which has developed a very vigorous export trade to India, and also to fight against the boycott campaign inaugurated by native politicians. As a result of these factors, trade with India, and particularly our cotton trade, shows most alarming signs of stagnation and even of decline.

The first of the following tables shows clearly the downward tendency in the value of our total exports to India, and though the post-war figures appear to be higher than those of 1913, this increase does not necessarily indicate a greater volume of goods since the difference in the value of money has to be taken into account ; and it must be remembered that the present level of wholesale prices is still about 40 per cent. above that of pre-war.

TABLE I.

TOTAL EXPORTS FROM U.K. TO BRITISH INDIA.

1913.	1924.	1925.	1926.	1927.	1928.
£	£	£	£	£	£
71,670,231	91,692,000	87,138,000	83,157,000	86,349,000	83,921,466

If cotton piece-goods alone are taken, the decline is still more noticeable:

TABLE II.

EXPORTS TO BRITISH INDIA—COTTON PIECE-GOODS.

1913.	1924.	1925.	1926.	1927.	1928.
£	£	£	£	£	£
34,978,000	40,838,142	35,265,054	39,015,000	43,776,000	30,425,885

A more accurate view of the situation is revealed by the following table from the Blue Book on East India (Progress and Condition), 1926-27, showing Britain's percentage share in India's total imports:

TABLE III.

VARIATION IN SHARE OF U.K. IN IMPORT TRADE OF BRITISH INDIA.

1909–14. (average)	1919–20.	1921–22.	1922–23.	1923–24.	1924–25.	1925–26.
56–63%	61%	57%	60%	58%	54%	51%

Nor is it generally realized how large a proportion of India's consumption of cotton yarn is produced within that country. Table IV gives a comparison between the production in India and the total imports. The figures represent thousands of lbs.:

TABLE IV.

	1913–14.	1924–25.	1925–26.	1926–27.
Imports	44,171	55,907	51,688	49,425
Indian Mill Production ..	682,777	719,390	686,427	807,116

Finally, it is not appreciated that in the year 1926-27 the exports of manufactured goods from India reached the great sum of £64,000,000, or that there are about 18 million persons engaged in industry, transport and mining.

(6) EFFORTS TO RESTRICT OR PREVENT THE IMPORTATION OF BRITISH GOODS INTO BRITISH INDIA.

A not unnatural result of the establishment of machine industry on Indian soil has been the erection of a tariff against imported, including British, goods. Nor is it surprising that, in the words of the Report on the "Moral and Material Progress and Condition of India," "partly

as a result of the war and partly of the policy of discriminating protection which India has recently adopted, imports of manufacturers tend to fall off while exports of manufacturers are on the increase." Now, those imports are largely British, and the exports increase the competition with British goods in other markets.

In the " Report on Moral and Material Progress " we read further that :—

" In the fiscal affairs of India the introduction of the reformed constitutions ushered in a new era and, as a consequence of the changed relations between India and Great Britain, India controls her own Fiscal policy to a greater extent than before. . . . In 1928 a Commission . . . was appointed to examine, with reference to all the interests concerned, the Tariff policy of Government. The preliminary recommendation formulated in the Report urged the adoption of a policy of protection, which was to be applied with discrimination along certain general lines carefully indicated."

But appetite grows with what it feeds on, and recently a Special Tariff Board was appointed to investigate the conditions of the Indian cotton industry, and by a majority the Board recommended a bounty on the manufacture in India of the finer counts of yarn and an increase in the import duty on cotton piece-goods from 11 to 15 per cent. for a period of three years. The Government found itself unable to accept these recommendations, but the Indian industrialists are hardly likely to allow the matter to rest.

But in addition to the efforts to exclude British goods by means of tariffs and customs duties there has been recourse to " direct action " on the part of the Indian nationalists, or at least a section of them. It has been a definite and essential part of Mr. Gandhi's programme that foreign (*i.e.*, British) cotton cloth should not only be boycotted but burnt. The bonfires have brought him into collision with the police on more than one occasion, but there is nothing illegal about the boycott, and there is no doubt that it has been effective up to a point.

Only within the past few weeks the *Manchester Guardian* has reported that, owing mainly to the two months' boycott of English cotton goods, twenty-nine of the mills in Blackburn had been (temporarily) closed, thus bringing the total number stopped up to forty-eight,

or nearly a third of the whole. The result of these stoppages was to send up the number of unemployed in Blackburn from 6,000 to 14,000 in a single week. And that, of course, is exactly the effect that Mr. Gandhi and the boycotters seek to produce. To them the Lancashire cotton industry is the Achilles' heel of "British Imperialism."

Recently also the *Morning Post* made a remarkable disclosure about a large order to be placed in Europe for steel for India. A representative of an Anglo-Indian firm went to Germany, where it was suggested to him that the order might be placed in England, and that this would make no difference to the Germans as there was a cartel, of which the steel manufacturers (presumably of steel rails) of both countries were members. The astonishing reply of the firm's representative, according to the *Morning Post*, was, "My instructions are not to do anything which might have the effect of diminishing unemployment in England." Political pressure from India was given as the reason for this attitude.

Another manifestation of the activities of the nationalist politicians against British trade is the Coastal Services Bill which is now before the Legislative Assembly and which seeks to reserve absolutely to Indian ships all coastwise traffic between British ports. This particular measure will almost certainly be rejected—for the moment; but there is no doubt about the determination of Indians to see to it that their industries increase or that this increase must almost necessarily be at the expense of our trade.

We can hardly blame them for this, and indeed the Government of British India is assisting in every way it can in the stimulation and development of Indian manufacturing industry. We have assumed the responsibility of forming, educating and establishing a nation in India and we must accept the consequences. It does not, however, follow that the consequences need be entirely disastrous. We are entitled to do what we can for British trade just as British Indians are entitled to do what they can, legitimately, for British Indian trade. And hitherto we seem to have completely overlooked the existence of the other India.

(7) The India of the States

Let us just consider that other India—the India of the States. We saw in an earlier section how the

penetration of the traders and the armies of the East India Company had been along the coastal areas and up the fertile and easily accessible river valleys. When the political map of India was eventually stabilized, there still remained an area of over 700,000 square miles—more than the size of France, Germany, Italy and Spain together—inhabited by some 72,000,000 persons—a population comparable to that of Germany—which technically, legally and politically is separate and distinct from British India. It is not a British "possession"; its inhabitants are not British subjects; and it is divided up into a number of autonomous units governed by hereditary chiefs and princes who are sovereign rulers. It is an extraordinary, and in some respects an anomalous, situation, and one that certainly could exist nowhere save in that aggregation of self-governing States, Crown Colonies and Dependencies that we designate the British Empire.

Here is the crowning paradox. In our efforts to build an Indian nation within British India we have given opportunities for the growth and culture of a movement for the complete severance of the British connection and for an "independence" that would certainly be as disastrous as it would be short-lived. The India of the States, on the other hand, is more determined to maintain the connection with the Britain of which its inhabitants are not subjects than is at least a section—and a very vocal and apparently politically powerful section—of British Indians themselves.

Mention has been made above of the encroachments made since the Mutiny upon the prerogatives and rights of the rulers of the Indian States. These encroachments, it need hardly be said, have occurred, not at the instance of the Crown itself, but at the hand of servants of the Crown in the British Indian administration who, in their zeal for the interests of British India, have, as it was expressed by a recent writer in the *Morning Post*, "so frequently acted upon the assumption that the residuum of power undefined by the treaties (between the States and the British Crown), somehow or other by silence or by custom, has been transferred to the Political Department of the British Indian Government, and that the Indian Princes rule upon sufferance and good behaviour."

Now the importance of these encroachments for the purposes of our present survey lies in the fact that many

of them seriously hamper the full and free development of the commercial potentialities of the States. Fiscal questions are a case in point. In the endeavour to foster and preserve the trade and industries of British India the British Indian Government has imposed tariffs upon imported goods. That was, of course, perfectly legitimate. But the Indian States, being almost wholly lacking in direct access to the coast, have also been required to submit to these tariffs, although their rulers are strongly averse to them, their treasuries derive no revenue from them, and their people, being engaged entirely in agricultural and pastoral pursuits and in handicrafts, obtain no benefits from the stimulation of indigenous machine industries.

And even in the case of one State that has a seaboard, namely, Kathiawar, whose port of Bedi-Bunder has been developed so energetically and efficiently by the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar (better known to the British public as "Ranji"), the British Indian authorities, at the instance of Bombay merchants and importers, forced the State to impose the same port dues and tariffs as were in operation elsewhere in India. The Jam Sahib protested, but was compelled to accept this decision, although it meant that his subjects had to pay tariffs upon goods imported solely for consumption within the State, and although not a penny of the revenue so obtained went into the State Treasury.

(8) Conclusion: New Markets awaiting our Trade

Here, then, it is suggested, is a direction in which we can compensate ourselves for the diminution in our trade with British India due partly to the competition of industries established on Indian soil, and partly to the activities of certain British Indian politicians.

It is well known that the Harcourt Butler Committee, which was appointed to consider the grievances of the States and their future relations with the British Crown and with the Government of British India, has already presented its report to the Secretary of State. That report may recommend that full fiscal autonomy should be restored to the States and also that the present restrictions upon the free access of capital to the States for the development of their resources (which access has hitherto been prevented or obstructed by the Indian Government in the supposed interests of British India) should be removed.

But it has never been characteristic of British traders to submit passively to the loss of a valuable market or to wait until chance or politics presented them with another. From the beginning of our history as a commercial people our merchants and traders have sought and made their own opportunities.

And the Indian States appear to provide opportunities of no mean order. A territory more than half the size of Europe outside Russia and a population of over 70 millions is a potential market that many industrial nations would regard as of first-rate importance, and worthy of the most detailed study, the most sympathetic consideration, and the most energetic development. Hitherto we have almost completely ignored it. Whatever may be the immediate recommendations of the Harcourt Butler Committee, it is incredible that these great territories and these millions of people can for long remain deprived of improved opportunities either to provide themselves with increasing quantities of goods of European or American manufacture, or to export their own natural resources. For although these communities are extremely unlikely to become industrialized, they possess, owing to their peculiar geographical and geological position, vast and immensely valuable resources of minerals, timber, valuable grasses and other raw materials of which the present sources of supply are becoming increasingly denuded.

Three things seem to be necessary: first, a more active interest in this second India on the part of our commercial and industrial communities; secondly, the removal of all restrictions upon the free movement of capital towards the States; and thirdly, a new attitude of mind on the part of the public, and particularly in Government and official circles, towards this India of the States, upon which we may have to, and in any event should, rely more and more as one of the essential factors in the future of India as a whole. In that future British India may perhaps speak with one voice and the Indian States with one voice, while Great Britain remains to hold the balance between the two; and to pursue her traditional purpose of trade and commerce for the greater benefit and prosperity of all peoples within the British Commonwealth of Nations—not excluding that small island in the North Sea known as Great Britain.

Sea Law and the United States Navy

By W. G. Carlton Hall

THE United States Senate has ratified the Kellogg Pact. It has also passed the Cruiser Bill, with the addition of a clause in favour of "a treaty or treaties with all the principal maritime nations regulating the conduct of belligerents and neutrals in war at sea, including the inviolability of private property thereon, such treaties to be negotiated, if practically possible, before the meeting of the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments in 1931."

The first obvious comment on these events is that the Senate has more common sense than to believe that the Kellogg Pact will put an end to war; if it did, it would be illogical either to build a big navy or to seek to regulate war at sea. The second obvious comment is that there is no longer any doubt that the object of American naval policy is to deprive this country of the power to prevent the United States from supplying goods of all kinds, including munitions of war, to our enemies. For a long time past there has been a sort of underground agitation going on to abolish both the doctrine of contraband and the right of blockade, and to make private property immune from capture at sea, even if enemy property under enemy flag. Colonel House recently wrote a pamphlet, published in this country by the self-styled "National Council for Prevention of War," in which he urged Great Britain to agree to this proposal on the ground that in that event no one would wish to challenge our sea supremacy; and he is being actively backed up by all our Reds, Pacifists, Little Englanders, and obedient servants of Mr. William Randolph Hearst. On the other hand, the opinion of most American naval officers, expressed as long ago as January 1923, in the *American Journal of International Law*, by Rear-Admiral W. L. Rodgers, favours a change in sea law exactly opposite to that proposed by Colonel House; that is to say, the extension of belligerent rights to the utmost point touched by ourselves in the

late war, irrespective of any antecedent provocation. Admiral Rodgers characteristically adds that the United States would have no need to fear the consequences in any war in which they remained neutral, since their naval supremacy in the near future will prevent any belligerent interfering with American merchant ships. The Senate's amendment to the Cruiser Bill suggests that the official policy of the United States is to use a supreme navy to compel the formal adoption by the world of Colonel House's proposals, or in the alternative forcibly to prevent the future exercise of belligerent rights against United States ships. The difference noted in some quarters between the Senate's suggestion of a treaty or treaties, and the intention previously attributed to Mr. Hoover of calling a conference on the same subject, seems to be imaginary; a multilateral treaty of this kind could hardly be framed except by an international conference of some sort; and a conference could give effect to any conclusions it might reach only by means of a treaty.

The reason for the American attitude can be best understood by reference to the events of the late war. In 1914 all the then belligerents (but not the United States) were formally bound by the Declaration of Paris of 1856:

1. Privateering is and remains abolished;

2. The neutral flag covers enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war;

3. Neutral goods, except contraband of war, are not liable to condemnation under enemy's flag;

4. Blockade, in order to be binding, must be effective; that is to say maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the enemy's coastline.

The British Government further announced its intention of observing the provisions of the unratified Declaration of London of 1909, provided the enemy did the same. This Declaration, *inter alia*, put restrictions on the classes of goods which could be declared either absolute or conditional contraband, and defined with more precision than the Declaration of Paris the limits of the right of blockade. But the conduct of Germany compelled Great Britain to modify her attitude, first by

formally abandoning the Declaration of London, and ultimately by throwing over, in effect, the whole of the Declaration of Paris except its first Article; which Article, under modern conditions, may be regarded as superfluous. The United States protested, but were unable to make their protest effective by reason, as Mr. Bryan admitted in a State document, of their inferior naval strength. Trade with the Allies seemed in these circumstances more attractive than trade with their enemies, and the banks of the United States, while still neutral, advanced to the Allies sums amounting to thousands of millions of dollars; the sums similarly advanced to the Central Powers being by comparison negligible. In April 1917 the United States threw in their lot with the Allies; and it is usually taken for granted in this country that they were driven to do so by the piratical acts of the German submarines. This is at least open to doubt. The worst of those acts, from the United States point of view, was the sinking of the *Lusitania*, though she was not an American ship; but if it was the cause of American intervention, it is difficult to account for the delay of nearly two years between cause and effect. And the total United States losses caused by German submarine action were comparatively small. The acts, not of Germany, but of the Allies, had forced the United States into a financial position in which they had practically no alternative, since a German victory would have meant for them a crushing loss. On February 16, 1917, we had issued the third and last of our retaliatory Orders in Council, making the prohibition of neutral trade with our enemies complete. Within two months the United States declared war on Germany, and by so doing converted that probable loss into a certain gain; to the surprising extent that, according to generally accepted estimates, in less than thirty years from now they will have received, under the heads of reparations and Allied debts, enough to pay off their national debt, and will go on receiving £35,000,000 annually from this country for another thirty years after that. (If this is inconsistent with the allegations of American war losses made by the successor of George Washington last Armistice Day, so also are other passages

in the same speech.) The precise character of the transactions leading to this remarkable result can only be judged by a financial expert; but *prima facie* they look very like those dealings with moneylenders which our courts set aside as being "harsh and unconscionable bargains."

It does not call for very much imagination to see that such a stroke of luck may not occur again. History does not repeat itself without any variation; and in most cases it would pay the United States better to trade with both belligerents than with only one. The possession of a fleet equal to, or stronger than, any other in the world would enable them to dictate to either side by a threat of an alliance with the other; and the Treaty of Washington marked the first step in this direction. Having failed to follow this up by inducing us to cut down our cruiser strength to suit their requirements, they have now set themselves (incidentally using for this purpose the money they receive from us) to build enough ships to make them supreme at sea in a few years' time. Once they have done this, it will be simple for them to forbid belligerents to stop or search any ship flying the Stars and Stripes, whether or not they have in the meantime induced the world to agree to the formal renunciation of the right to do so. And if we compare the actual profit they made out of a war in which they were only able to trade with one side, and eventually had to intervene to ensure the victory of that side, with the probable profit they would stand to make out of a war in which they could trade unrestrainedly with both, and had no concern with the issue beyond seeing that neither side was made hopelessly insolvent, we shall see that the interest of the United States will be, not *universal* peace, as they are fond of proclaiming at present, but peace for themselves and war for the rest of the world.

It should be borne in mind, by those in this country who support the American demand for "freedom of the seas," that the United States hitherto have not shown any great willingness to bind their own hands as belligerents; being, in fact, the only important maritime nation that has not acceded to the Declaration of Paris. And if they should deem it expedient to ratify any future convention

of the kind, they (or any other Power for that matter) would break it whenever it suited them. They might not do it quite as openly as Germany violated the most perfectly binding obligation of the kind that has ever existed or ever can exist—the Hague Declaration of 1899 against poison gas; but they could easily manufacture evidence to justify their action, as they did in 1898, when they deliberately sank the *Maine* in Havana Harbour to provide themselves with a *casus belli* against Spain.

In face of this state of things, there are publicists in this country who tell us: (1) that a big American navy is no danger to us, and that their building of ships is not "competitive"; (2) that the right of capture and condemnation, either as restricted by the Declaration of Paris or as extended by us in the late war, is of little real value to us, and that we gain less by it as belligerents than we stand to lose by it as neutrals, or even as belligerents in a possible case; and (3) that we cannot prevent the United States building a fleet four or five times the size of ours if they wish to do so, because they have the money and we have not. The first of these points has been already dealt with; but it may be remarked that if building a bigger fleet *because we refuse to reduce ours* is not "competitive," then the word has no meaning. Further, the pathetic belief sedulously fostered by certain British politicians, that the United States fleet must inevitably be on the same side as ours in any future conflict, was carefully exploded a short time ago by the *Washington Post*, on the alleged authority of President Coolidge. On the second point it is speciously argued that while the surrender of Germany was brought about by "economic pressure" (in plain language, starvation), that end was achieved, not by the actual exercise of our belligerent rights at sea, but (*a*) by our trading agreements with neutral countries, and (*b*) by the entry of the United States into the war, whereby we were enabled to cut off Germany's supplies at the source. But a moment's reflection will show that the willingness of neutrals to submit their ships and cargoes to examination can have been due to nothing but the knowledge that the almost certain alternative was capture and condemnation, and

that the intervention of the United States followed as a natural consequence. If we had not been both willing and able to exercise and to exceed (as, under provocation from Germany, we undoubtedly did) the rights given us by international law, we should not have won when we did, and possibly not at all (Germany, of course, was even more willing that we to exceed her rights, but less able; and, by taking the first step in this direction, gave us the excuse of "retaliation" whereby our Prize Courts were induced to condemn ships and cargoes which otherwise would have been entitled to release). But inasmuch as the total value (about £30,000,000) of the ships and cargoes actually condemned by our Prize Courts was less than would have been the cost of prolonging the war by one week, the argument that our losses as neutrals under the existing code, or the more severe code favoured by Admiral Rogers, would outweigh what we gain under it as belligerents will hardly hold water. The further argument, that we are of all nations the most vulnerable by blockade, and should therefore agree to abolish it, contains its own refutation. Blockade, in the wide, non-technical sense of the avowed policy of both sides in the late war, is not only the best, but the only, weapon that a maritime enemy could effectively use against us; and to suppose that any enemy, if physically able to use that weapon, would be restrained from doing so by respect for any treaty or rule of law, is to live in a fool's paradise.

But it is the third point, that we cannot prevent the United States building as many ships as they please, that really calls for serious consideration. At present we are slightly superior in battleships; but under the terms of the Washington Treaty the battleships of the two countries will by the end of 1936 be exactly equal in number and tonnage. At present, too, we are superior in cruisers. The Americans claim, and many in this country support them, that by the treaty we admitted the "principle of parity" in warships of all kinds; but the experience of Geneva in 1927 has shown that the United States will not accept any agreement to translate this principle into practice, except in a form which will compel us to denude our trade routes of necessary protection before we can meet the Americans in a fleet action

on equal terms. And as the Big Navy policy is obviously (and within the last few months admittedly) aimed at ourselves as the probable enemy, the passage of the Cruiser Bill constitutes a direct challenge to us to a trial of strength. Whether we like it or not, we must choose between taking up that challenge and risking national extinction. If we decline the challenge, the United States will naturally go on until they are supreme at sea; if we accept it, it is just possible they may find the cost greater than they bargained for. The scrapping of the *Lexington* and *Saratoga,* on the ground of excessive expense in working, should encourage us; a few more such costly blunders might make them see the error of their ways. But whether we accept or decline the challenge, we should (1) make it clear that we will agree to no modification of sea law except in the direction of an extension of belligerent rights; and (2) give notice, as under its terms we are entitled to do up to 1934, that we will not be bound by the Treaty of Washington after December 31, 1936. There can be no objection to this course on the ground of economy; if there is to be a competition in building, it is immaterial whether the available money is spent on cruisers or battleships. There are those who say that battleships are obsolete; if that is the accepted view on both sides of the Atlantic, then the treaty is waste paper; if not, we should be free to spend our money as we please. While naval opinion varies, it is not for a landsman to take sides; but it may be noted that new warlike inventions seldom prove as terrible in practice as their authors hope or their potential victims fear, and it may be that aircraft and submarines will not prove the decisive factors in future wars that some suppose. However that may be, with the treaty once out of the way, we should be at liberty to build or abstain from building as we pleased, without having charges of bad faith hurled at us at every turn. The termination of the treaty would also help to show that disarmament by agreement is, as some of its most ardent early advocates have already realized, impracticable; and that the egregious Article 8 of the League Covenant, on which so much time, breath, and ink have been wasted during the last nine years, is a piece of fatuous imbecility.

The only remaining argument against the denunciation of the treaty is the supposed necessity of conciliating public opinion in America. This is a sentimental fallacy. From the moment the United States entered the war in 1917 (in their own interests, as has already been shown) this country has reverted to the old policy of grovelling to them on every point. This dates from 1870, when we agreed to arbitrate the matter of the *Alabama* and the *Georgia* on the basis of a rule of law invented for the occasion, and never recognized by anyone before or since, and which had the effect of prejudging the whole case against us; and when the United States, having satisfied all the claims made against the two privateers in full out of the sum paid over by us, calmly retained the very considerable balance remaining. In the one case since that date when, under the necessities of the late war, we ventured to disregard American feelings to some extent, the result, as already mentioned, was to bring them in on our side; but immediately afterwards we allowed them to dominate the Peace Conference, with the result that we were badly let down. Then we gave up most of our naval supremacy at Washington; President Coolidge's assertion that his country then gave up more than we did, in that it scrapped battleships while other countries only scrapped blueprints, is simply false, as a reference to the text of the treaty will show. At the same time we ended our alliance with Japan; though this particular concession to American dictation was camouflaged as a necessary consequence of the League Covenant. One of the principal excuses for the shameful surrender of Mr. Lloyd George's Government to the murder gang in Ireland was the effect it was expected to have on American opinion. Mr. Baldwin's settlement of the debt question was not so manifestly a surrender; but that it was so regarded on the other side is shown by a recent report of an American suggestion for a new naval conference, at which Mr. Baldwin should be the first British delegate. For one party to a dispute to suggest negotiations for a settlement, and at the same time to name the other side's representative in those negotiations, is probably a world's record in impudence, and the only explanation that offers itself is that the Americans believed they had squeezed

Mr. Baldwin over the debt question, and hoped to squeeze him over the cruiser question as well. In 1924, to satisfy the United States, the British Government, which has always insisted on three miles as the extreme limit of territorial waters, agreed to allow British vessels suspected of being rum-runners to be stopped in time of peace up to one hour's steaming from the American coast. In 1926, when an American destroyer flotilla was lying in the Thames, an American gunner, in a drunken brawl ashore, shot a Filipino mess steward belonging to another ship of the flotilla, who afterwards died in Gravesend Hospital. After some discussion the gunner was tried, not by a British civil court, but by an American court-martial on board an American ship; a course which, though it may have been convenient in the circumstances, was an abrogation of British sovereignty probably without precedent, and certainly in marked contrast with the American usurpation of jurisdiction in the matter of two British merchant ships—the *Titanic* and the *Vestris*—lost on the high seas. And the handling of the *I'm Alone* case, to the moment of writing, suggests that British ships, passing on the seas upon their lawful occasions, may be sunk, and their crews killed, by agents of the United States Government, with no more than a formal protest.

The net result of this policy of perpetual surrender is that the possibility of war between the two countries is being discussed today with greater freedom than at any time within living memory.

Distinguished British politicians and journalists, who spend much of their time in the United States, are fond of telling us that they find there nothing but the friendliest feeling towards this country. Naturally; we ourselves do not usually tell a visiting foreigner that his country is our deadliest enemy, even if at the back of our minds we may think so. A nation, like an individual, should be judged by its acts rather than by its words. The acts of the United States in international affairs are habitually those of a cowardly bully. If you want to live at peace with a bully, it is very little use trying to conciliate him; it is far better to kick him on the shins.

Some Old Books

By L. J. Lloyd

It is not so very long ago since Lamb used to buy Elizabethan quartos for half-a-crown, but the gulf which separates him from us is impassable. The iron has entered into the soul of the book-buyer in these days: his peculiar highways have become public property, and the world may pry, is even encouraged to pry, into his secret places. He has as much chance of buying a Vermeer for five shillings as a quarto for half-a-crown, and but fifty years—nay, less—have sufficed to turn the bookstall into a thing of pleasant memory.

By a bookstall I do not mean those boxes which are usually found outside antique shops, containing no volume above the value of fourpence. You will find nothing there but Jones on the Pentateuch and old Almanacks, and though the fourpenny box appears from the distance a veritable treasure-trove, brimming with possibilities, hiding within its dingy depths a first edition (say) of the "Pilgrim's Progress," you have only to examine it to know the bounds of disappointment. There is never anything there: the man inside the shop has seen to that. He has priced the books at fourpence a copy, and he knows that fourpence is precisely what each of them is worth.

It was not like this in Lamb's day, or even in the day when George Gissing carried his Gibbon across London. (What a chapter that is in "Ryecroft," by the way! It yields in bookishness not even to Lamb's "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.") In our day suspicion is abroad. Your bookseller has read the papers, and he is the soul of caution. Any book which seems to be in the remotest degree old must be reserved for more expert scrutiny. Who knows but that it is a First Folio, and a clear path to retirement and ease? This is no doubt very right and proper. Business is business, as we know, but I should like to meet the man (for somebody must have begun the fell work) who first decided that the sequestration of old editions was a commercial proposition.

I like to think this is an overstatement, but it will not

be so for long. The net is closing in: we are, as it were, in the last stages of dissolution. A grave metaphor, but one eminently suited to the occasion.

Apparently, however, there is still a prejudice (and long may it continue) against folios. They are, we are told, clumsy and difficult to handle: their size is against them. They take up far too much room, and in a modern house, of course, appear distinctly *de trop*.

Thus Prior escapes for the moment, and you may, if you are lucky, still come across that fine book, "Poems on Several Occasions," published by subscription in 1718. It is a noble volume, printed in a bold and generous type. If it were the dullest book in the world, it would be a pleasure to read. You will notice in the list of subscribers that Jonathan Swift, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, spoke for four copies, that Sir Isaac Newton spoke for one copy, and that Harley had ten. This is good company, and I find it tempting to imagine that my copy is one of the Dean's four. There is no name in it, so I may think what I like.

My Guillim's "Heraldry" cost me ten shillings. It is only the sixth edition, and imperfect at that, but the lost title-page would have quadrupled the price of the book, and at any rate I have seen it. Guillim was a perfect specimen of that *rarissima avis*, an antiquary with a sense of humour. The "Display of Heraldry" is a scientific work, and still a standard, but it can be read. I wonder why it is that all these Elizabethans write such glorious English, whether they are concerned with the soul or the best way of rearing pigs. Their prose is always dignified: they never hurry, and they expect their readers not to hurry either. Guillim, for instance, has to consider the rainbow as a "charge in coat armour," and this is how he begins:

> In the Clouds hath the Rainbow his temporary residence, and therefore next let us cast our eyes on it. A Rainbow is a divers coloured arch or bow, formed in a hollow, thin, and unequal cloud, by the reflection of the beams of the opposite sun. The cause of the rare use of the Rainbow in coat armour perhaps may be that the colours thereof cannot be aptly counterfeited, as witnesseth Aristotle, Meteor. lib. 3, saying, "Soli colores Iridis non possunt fieri a Pictoribus."

You get this kind of thing by opening the book at random, and Guillim disappoints you no more than

Burton. He is, indeed, a kind of less diffuse and inferior Burton, though "inferior" is a harsh word. The two would certainly have been excellent friends, and could have told each other a good deal.

Copies of the "Anatomy," alas, are beyond the reach of modest pockets now. You may still buy a fifth or sixth edition, if you are watchful, and a very good folio it is, but you will have to pay for it; for Burton, too, is a commercial proposition. One has a good deal of satisfaction in remembering how much he would have loathed the idea.

> If our pleasures be interrupt, we can tolerate it; our bodies hurt, we can put up with it and be reconciled; but touch our commodities we are most impatient: fair becomes foul, the Graces are turned into Harpies, friendly salutations to bitter imprecations, mutual feastings to plotting villainies, minings and counter-minings.

And is not a folio "Anatomy" the rightful commodity of every friend of Burton? I will not believe that there are not enough copies to go round. Melancholy is out of fashion, and few care about the members or subdivisions of it.

If, however, it can do nothing else, a folio will give a dignity to the bookshelf which an acre of duodecimos can never hope to achieve. I once bought a sixteenth-century folio for a shilling. It is a commentary on the Psalms and quite unreadable, but the binding is vellum which will outlast me and several generations to come, and I like to see it there with its companions—leisure personified—a firm reminder of the nobility and grandeur of sound learning. A. C. Benson's plea for generosity to folios was a gentle thing to do, and like the man. His college library had cast its own spell over him, as it has over so many who have ventured into its rare seclusion.

I shall not readily forget the day when I held in my hands a book once the property of Erasmus. He had annotated it himself in that easy and nervous script with which readers of the Letters are so familiar, and as I turned over the pages there seemed to steal into my mind a sense of kinship—illusory no doubt, impertinent certainly, but no less precious for that—with the greatest of all scholars.

The League of Nations Union

By Major E. W. Polson Newman

IDEALISTIC movements, started by high-minded enthusiasts, usually fail to maintain the standard of their promoters, and that expressed by the League of Nations Union is no exception to the general rule. The L.N.U. fails in two respects, in its leadership and in its following, the one being the direct result of the other; and consequently, it is throwing away such opportunity as exists of building up the right kind of League support in this country. Neither the composition of the Executive nor the policy which it pursues is in keeping with the true character of the nation which it is hoped to influence. That the L.N.U. has failed to attract the practical men and women of Great Britain, who should be the first to be persuaded to interest themselves in League activities, is abundantly obvious, while in many cases it has provoked their active hostility. The reason is not far to seek.

While the L.N.U. enjoys the nominal support of Cabinet Ministers, prominent politicians, and a considerable number of eminent men whose names never fail to figure on the front pages of its literature, the real leaders of the movement are of a very different type. Instead of the lead in this important matter—which should be a national and patriotic interest—being taken by the heads of the different branches of national activity, it is in the hands of a group of doctrinaire professors, disgruntled generals, and disappointed admirals, to which is added a miscellaneous collection of visionaries and elderly women. Rightly or wrongly, these well-meaning enthusiasts think that world peace can be achieved; but they for the most part fail to realize the immense difficulties of bringing about this Utopian state of affairs. They look to the League to accomplish something scarcely in keeping with human nature as it is today; they view the situation as they think it ought to be, instead of as

it actually exists; and they shrink from facing reality because it is distasteful to them. There are, indeed, many League enthusiasts who allow their idealistic dreams to blur their judgment, and imagine the moral character of the nations to be higher than it is in reality. Moreover, they disregard the fact that, in the matter of world peace, the present generation has reason to take a view that is likely to be modified by future generations, who will have had no experience of the horrors of the Great War; and they over-estimate the influence of pacific education on the natural instincts of the human race.

If this assortment of officials is incapable of doing the League any practical good, it is not equally incapable of doing serious harm; and, unfortunately, there are others who are using this peace organization for subversive political ends, and are doing much damage both to the League's prestige in England and to the interests of the British people. I do not propose to enter into personal details, but there are certain individuals holding office in the L.N.U. of whom this country has good reason to be heartily ashamed, and whose political activities are connected with so-called peace movements directly hostile to the well-being of the British Empire. One member of the Executive has also been on the committee of a society, amongst whose aims is "to spread amongst the British workers information concerning the capitalist persecution and tyranny against the workers in all parts of the world," and this same individual was heavily fined in a British police court in 1918 for attempting to cause disaffection. Another member of the L.N.U. Executive was one of the founders of a pro-German and pacifist society, together with a colleague, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for sending information out of the country. But this charge is not confined to the male members of the committee; for one of the women members has been vice-chairman of a subversive society, of which it was reported in a Government publication (1926) on "Communist Papers" obtained on the arrest of the Communist leaders on October 14 and 21, 1925, that "the Communist International favours it as fertile ground for Communist propaganda of the intellectual variety." But

this is not all. A certain selected speaker at a luncheon of the L.N.U. on February 4, 1927, had been reported on a previous occasion as stating: "If I leave Parliament, it will be to continue the work of the Communist Party outside, and if ever I return, I trust it will only be with the Red Guards at the time of the Revolution which I see is approaching."* This same individual has done six months in the second division for sedition. I could quote further details of the history of many members of this committee, but I think that the foregoing is sufficient to show that the L.N.U., as at present constituted, cannot hope to gain the confidence of the British people. These enthusiasts for peace at any price place a miserable form of pacifism before the real peace interests of the British Empire. They would sacrifice the most treasured possessions of the British race in an attempt to reach their ideal, which, I am afraid, is in many cases international socialism rather than international peace.

If the composition of the L.N.U. is defective, its methods are equally at fault. The great body of its supporters are to a considerable degree misled by speakers and propagandists regarding the achievements of the institution at Geneva. The League is presented to them as being developed to a higher extent than it actually is, while small achievements are exaggerated out of proportion in order to gain support for the L.N.U. We are tired of hearing how the League "prevented war" between Greece and Bulgaria a short time ago, and we shall soon be disgusted to hear how the League Council claims to have achieved a similar success in the case of Bolivia and Paraguay. I happen to know something about the latter dispute, and it is beyond question that most of the credit for preserving peace in South America is due to the conciliatory policy of the Bolivian Government, and that the telegrams of M. Briand had little or nothing to do with that Government's decision. The impression created by this misleading propaganda is that of a powerful League of Nations, supported by a mass of international public opinion, whose authority individual nations dare not defy. The consequence is that there is a tendency among the less educated people who come under the influence of

* *Manchester Guardian*, August 6, 1920.

the L.N.U. to regard the League as an institution on which to rely as a strong safeguard against war. Some day this may be the case, but it is far from being so today, and it is, indeed, dangerous to regard the League in this light. I have heard such expressions as "The League will not allow it" freely used by those who ought to know better, and this gives a good indication of the sentiments governing the general attitude of the L.N.U.

Of the twenty or more sub-committees maintained by the L.N.U. there are some which do good in special directions, but the spirit and sentiments of the institution as a whole are, in my opinion, un-British, if not, indeed, anti-British. Of course, it will be argued that the policy is not intended to be British. This being so, the only reply is that the sooner the L.N.U. shuts its doors, the better. To the average sensible inhabitant of these islands—and the majority of the British public is sensible—the British Empire stands for much more than any international peace movement, real or imaginary, and the only way of attracting the right type of British men and women towards the interests of world peace is by means of a patriotic, imperial institution designed to promote British peace influence. No one can accuse the L.N.U. of being patriotic. Its whole policy is to discourage patriotism, and to denounce the cultivation of those very qualities that have made the British nation what it is today. Professor Gilbert Murray and his pacifist "cranks" disapprove of the youth of the nation attending military tournaments or Air Force displays, on the grounds that such entertainments encourage an admiration for the spirit of war. They even denounce Public School Officers' Training Corps, in which the future manhood of the nation is provided with a healthy form of recreation and is at the same time equipped to defend the country in case of need. Indeed, they anathematize most of what goes to make up those manly qualities that are the pride and substance of the British race. Not only does this policy aim at producing future generations who will sacrifice anything for the sake of peace, but it seeks to destroy the sources of our national strength and our legitimate means of defence in case of aggression.

It requires no great stretch of the imagination to

visualize the miserable, timid individuals who would eventually constitute the population of these islands, if the L.N.U. was to be entrusted with the future of Britain's manhood. Unaccustomed to danger or hardship, untrained in the use of any kind of weapon, and taught to submit rather than to run the risk of conflict, they would drag this country down to a level where she would have no influence in world affairs; and there is no reason to suppose that other nations would follow our example. Is it conceivable that France, Germany or Italy would consent to such an insane policy? They most assuredly would not do so, and, what is more, some European Power would be quick to take advantage of our defenceless position. Lord Allenby, who himself believes in the eventual success of the nations in their efforts to eliminate war as a common evil, says that "there probably will be another war"; while Sir George Milne, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, goes so far as to forecast that there definitely will be another war, and that unpreparedness is the surest way to hasten that catastrophe. It may be assumed that these two eminent field-marshals know more about the subject in question than Professor Gilbert Murray, who has devoted the best part of his life to the study of the classics; and yet this doctrinaire professor presumes to ignore the considered opinion of the British Government's expert adviser in military questions, and his followers on the committee of the L.N.U. are striving to create the very situation that is regarded by experts as most dangerous to the interests of peace.

The L.N.U. has a large following in the country, but a visit to one of its meetings is sufficient to show that Britain's best subjects are conspicuous by their absence. The men who fought in the war, the women who worked in the war, and the members of both sexes who are ready to respond to any call in the interests of their country and the Empire, do not feel disposed to listen to the passing of resolutions aimed at the destruction of national patriotism among the rising generation. They do not want peace at any price, and they will not support peace propaganda promoted by individuals who wish to make our country as defenceless as possible against the insidious attacks of those subversive forces with which

they themselves are working in partnership. Further, the practical people of this country refuse to associate themselves with a body of men and women that, in pursuit of an ideal, would expose our shores to the danger of attack, and advocates a policy likely to produce another European conflagration still more devastating than the Great War.

The British Empire is probably the greatest safeguard of peace in the world today, and we are under an obligation to support the League of Nations in every reasonable way; but the manner in which the L.N.U. has gone to work and the methods adopted have far from increased the League's prestige in Great Britain. Those of its members who are genuine promoters of peace are too idealistic for practical purposes, while those who are using the L.N.U. for sinister objects are enemies of the British Empire and of the very institution at Geneva under cover of which they promote their evil policies. The L.N.U. requires a complete "clear out" followed by the introduction of new leadership. There is an urgent need of a strong committee, composed of men who carry weight owing to their actions and not to their words—men who will see that the best interests of the League of Nations are worthily upheld in England by strengthening the solidarity and peaceful power of the British Empire as a rallying point for honest and straightforward peace effort. As far as Great Britain is concerned, the League of Nations must maintain its influence on its own merits, aided by a dissemination of accurate, informative accounts of League activities, irrespective of success or failure. Such may gradually attract the interest and sympathy of the British people. But misleading propaganda, such as emanates from the League of Nations Union, does serious damage to the prestige of the League in this country, if, indeed, it does not make it the laughing-stock of a large proportion of the people.

Casey's Banking Account

By C. L. Hales

You have never heard tell, have you, of Jim Casey and his banking account?

"No," says you, being English. "What was the to-do about it?"

Well, when Casey came into his fortune, and the same was a good fifty pounds, he put it in the Muldrinagh Bank. They gave him a cheque-book and made him write his name in a book, which was as much as he could do in the way of writing.

"Take care of it," he said to the man who took over his money. "I'd be ruined entirely if you lost it. Where will you put it?" and he gave a squint or two about the place.

"Oh, we'll look after it all right. There's the safe. It goes in there for the night, and comes out here under the counter in the day-time, just for an airing."

Which it all seemed reasonable to Casey. So he put the cheque-book in his pocket, and the same book he took to be a proof that he had the money in the bank, for he knew no more than you or me what the cheque-book was for.

"I know what's it for," says you.

So do I now, but I didn't then, till Casey afterwards told me.

"How could he tell you," says you, "if he didn't know himself?"

Why, that was after what happened what I'm telling you about.

Casey was mighty anxious about his fortune. So was his wife, and said words to that effect. "You old gossoon," she says, "how do you know they'll keep it safe? You know what thieves Shaughnessy and his kin are. Ain't you going to look after it?" Shaughnessy was the manager of the bank.

"Perhaps I'd better," said Casey, a bit perplexed.

"You had better," says his wife. "Else I see my new gown still in the shop, and the money gone." For he had promised her a new gown against the time he should start in and spend his fortune.

"If you take my advice you'll keep a good eye on that money," went on Mrs. Casey.

"So I will," says Casey, and he started right away.

He went down to the bank and hung around for the rest of the day. And the day after, and the day after that, he stayed outside the bank, keeping his weather-eye open. And the same eye he kept more fixed on the inside than the outside of the bank, for it was there he expected the bad weather. He'd go there first thing in the morning and lean on the window-sill by the door and take a look in at the door to see what they were up to. And he left the pig and the garden for the time to look after themselves, which the same they were well able to do, considering he never gave them much of his attention. And he left the bit of a job he had at Father Murphy's. "For," says he, "I make more money by looking after what I've got."

"And a mighty sensible thing, too," you'll say.

"No, I don't," says you, being English and contrary.

Anyhow, Casey hung around where I said he did, most of every day. Sometimes he went to the bank, for fear things might happen there that shouldn't. But that was mainly at night-time, for he'd go there in the night when so minded. He kept a good watch on that bank, did Casey, with a big shillelagh under his arm.

One day two thieves of the world, Micky Freely and Tim Sullivan from Coldoon, saw him on the watch.

"There's that thief, Jim Casey," said Micky, for they knew him, but didn't know about his fortune, "watching for a chance to rob that bank. I vote we do it afore him. What say you, Tim?"

Tim says, "I'm your man. We'll take the lot from under his nose."

"No, we won't," says Micky, who was much more clever in his intellects than Tim. "He hits hard, does Casey. We'll take it at night, when he's not about."

So they planned to break in that very night. They came over from Coldoon in the pitch of dark and broke into that bank and started on the drawer under the counter and found nothing in the way of money. Then they went to the safe, but could make nothing of it. Safes ain't easy to tackle.

"That's why they're safe," says you.

But they'd have managed it if they'd run Tim's head, which was that thick, against it.

"No, they wouldn't have," says you, being always contradictory. "It would have taken more than Tim's head to have opened that safe."

Well, we can let that pass.

However, as they were about to kick that safe silly, who should look in but Casey? He had got up when his wife woke him up to his duty, and come down to look after his money.

"You thieves," said he, "leave my money alone, or it'll be worse for you."

"Come on, Tim," says Micky, and to spite Casey he adds, "we've got it all now. And if Casey wants any, let him take them banknotes in that drawer. There's hundreds of pounds there."

Sure enough, in the drawer they had left open was a pile of cheques which were used up and all the money out of them. But Casey doesn't know it.

"What doesn't he know?" says you.

Why, that the money's gone from them.

So he desperately grabs the cheques, and as the others run, he runs out, too. The two ahead run one way, toward Coldoon, and he runs the other way. They get away with their lot, which was nothing, but Casey runs bang into that interfering fellow, Constable Leary, who grabs him, cheques and all.

"What's this?" says Leary.

"Let me go," says Casey. "It's my own money."

"With interest, too, I reckon," says Leary, eyeing the bunch of cheques. "Come along to the station. We want a case badly."

Thinking as how he'd got his money all right, and perhaps a bit over, Casey goes quietly, grinning to himself how the police would be sold. But they locked him up and took the cheques away, and he swore he'd have them up for theft, sergeant and all. The next morning he was taken before the magistrate, Mr. Connell.

"Hello, Casey," said Mr. Connell, "what do you want?"

"I want to be let go, and my money, too."

"Formulate the charge," said the magistrate to the sergeant.

"Burglary, your worship."

"'Twas Freely and Sullivan that burgled. I only got my own," said Jim.

The manager of the bank, who had been sent for, went into the box and spoke a word about the cheques.

"What are they worth?" asked Mr. Connell.

"Nothing," said Shaughnessy. "They're all cancelled."

"What!" said his worship. "Do you bring Casey here for taking nothing?"

Casey was mighty chopfallen when he heard he hadn't got his money in them cheques.

"Those thieves, Freely and Sullivan, have got mine," said he, thinking those two Coldoon fellows had got the lot.

"Pish, tush," said Mr. Connell. "You're discharged."

"That's wrong," says you, being English and fond of the law. "He'd done something wrong anyway."

Well, we can let that pass.

They shoved Casey out of court, and he went home in a mighty angry condition, and told his wife that the fortune was all gone.

"You great omadhaun," she says. "It's easy to get it back."

"How?" says he.

"You must watch the bank until you think they've got enough money in again, and then you can get in and take it."

Casey grew hopeful when he saw the idea. 'Twas the bank's fault, anyway, for losing his money, so it was only fair he should help himself to get back his own.

II

Jim started hanging around the bank again, and for the next few days he watched people going in and out. He knew the business of most of the Muldrinagh folk and what they were worth, so when he judged that the bank had taken enough to pay him what they owed him he broke in by the back entrance.

He tried to open the safe but wasted his labour. Devil a bit would it open.

"Begorra," he thought, "if they've got my money in there, it's there for good."

Upstairs the manager's wife heard Casey and woke her husband.

"There's thieves at the safe," she whispered.

"There's no harm in that," said her husband. "They can't open it or take it away," and he drowsed off again.

Down below Casey started trying the drawers under the counter, but found at first only the cheques with no money in them and other useless papers. At last, tucked away in a corner, he came across a packet of notes which had been brought in at the last moment and put away hastily by the manager, not troubling to open the safe again.

"It's my own money or its twins," muttered Casey. "I shan't count it now, for maybe I'll get more than my own by accident. And perhaps I'll get less," and thinking that way made him start counting the notes by the light of the bit of a candle he had brought.

Upstairs Mrs. Shaughnessy again shook her husband out of his drowse.

"'Tisn't the safe they're at. They're getting the money, and you'll lose it and your job." This roused Shaughnessy and he got up, but being a cautious man he went first in search of a constable, going out by the private entrance and having a bit of a draw at his pipe the while. It wasn't long before he came across Constable Leary.

"A fine night, constable."

"A fine night it is, indeed, sir."

"I quite envy you being able to enjoy yourself of a night like this."

"What about yourself, sir! You're having a bit of a smoke and all."

"How do you know they said this?" says you.

Why, they told me afterwards.

"That reminds me, constable," went on Shaughnessy, looking at the stars, "there's a burglar in our bank. Won't you come and have a look at him?"

"That I will," said Leary, stiffening up. "Perhaps it's Casey again." They caught Jim as he was leaving by the front entrance.

"At it again, Casey," said Leary, the interfering blackguard. "It's a conviction this time."

They marched him to the station and took the money from him, and then put him in the cell against the morning. Jim said little, but laughed to himself most of the night, thinking how foolish they'd look when it was his own money he had taken. Sure enough, the notes came to fifty pounds.

In the morning Mr. Connell again saw Casey facing him from the dock. "What's the charge this time?"

"Same as before," said the sergeant. "The proceeds were found on him."

"Which proceeds are mine," said Casey. "It's my fifty pounds or its twins."

After he had made Mr. Connell understand what he meant, the magistrate said to Shaughnessy, "Do you mean to charge Casey with taking his own money?"

Shaughnessy was taken aback.

"Has he got fifty pounds in the bank or has he not?" asked Mr. Connell.

"He has, your worship."

"Then I discharge him."

Casey was mighty puzzled about his money. "Give me my money back," he said to Shaughnessy, "or I'll hit you over the head with my shillelagh."

"You must draw a cheque or draft for it."

"Faith, I've had nothing but checks and draughts," said Casey.

But the manager managed to drive the procedure into Jim's mind, and he went home and took up his cheque-book. He told Mrs. Casey what he had to do.

"I could have told you that, you gossoon," she said.

Whether she could or whether she could not, and I have my doubts about it, Jim was able to sign a cheque to himself, writing it: "Pay Jim Casey himself and no other."

Then he had an idea, and a good one, too, as you'll admit.

"Not till I hear it," says you, being cautious.

Who's asking you?

Anyway, it seemed to Casey dead easy to write cheques. Why not write another? "You haven't got another fifty pounds there," said Mrs. Casey.

"No, but other people have, I dare say," says Jim. "Now there's Pat Conolly, the blackguard. I'll write one for him and pretend it is his. And once I get his money, faith, I won't give it him." So he writes one: "Pay my friend, Mr. Jim Casey," and makes it out for another fifty, and signs it "Pat Conolly." Casey laughs a good bit at the "friend," for he and Pat were anything but friends.

That same day at noon he goes to the bank and hands over the counter his own cheque.

"How will you have it?" asks the cashier.

"In a bag," says Jim.

"I mean in what form, coin or notes."

"Coin, of course, the notes may be no good."

"What coin—silver or copper?"

Jim thought coppers would be mighty handy, and said so.

"They'll be a great parcel," says the cashier. "Why not mix it, silver and copper?"

Casey said that would do, so after a deal of weighing of half-crowns, shillings, and pence, the paper bags of it were put in one cloth bag, and Jim grabs it. Then he hands over the other cheque and says, "Mr. Conolly wants it at once. I'll take it to him," and he grins to himself, for he knows he won't take the coin to Pat. The cashier looks at the cheque somewhat doubtfully, and turns it over and over. He looks at Casey, and Casey looks at him without turning an eyelid. The cashier goes and whispers to the manager, and after a word or two the cashier goes out. Casey leans over the counter.

"I'll take this lot home first," says he, "and come back for the other presently."

"Wait a bit," says Mr. Shaughnessy, "someone wants to see you most particular."

"See me?" and Jim feels flattered. He always liked to be social and to see those that wanted to see him, whatever happened afterwards.

"What do you mean?" says you.

In the way of rows and shillelagh work, I mean.

"Wait a bit," goes on Mr. Shaughnessy. "A great friend of yours will be along soon."

Jim puts his bag of coin back on the counter, but keeping a firm grip of it the while, and waits a bit. Soon in come the cashier—and who do you think?

"Constable Leary," says you, smartly for you.

Right for once. It was that interfering fellow again.

Mr. Shaughnessy whispers to him. Leary grins.

"At it again, Casey. You must come along with me. Forgery and attempted embezzlement this time."

"The money's my own," says Jim. "I gave my cheque for it."

"Not for Conolly's lot, though," says Leary.

"I ain't got it yet," says Jim.

"And you won't get it," says Mr. Shaughnessy.

"Well, no harm's done. I was going to take it to Conolly," and Casey laughs because they can't prove otherwise.

"Won't do," says Leary. "You must come along."

So they went to the court-house, and, as they let him keep his bag of money, Jim was not so angry as he might have been. They ran him straight into court this time, where Mr. Connell was thinking of knocking off work for the day.

"Is it you again?" he asks, and as Casey looked as though it were himself, he goes on: "What's the charge?"

"Forgery and attempted embezzlement."

Mr. Shaughnessy goes into the box and tells what Casey had done, and hands up Conolly's cheque.

Now, Mr. Connell was wanting his dinner, and, moreover, was now mighty doubtful about Muldrinagh Bank charges.

"What's this?"

"The cheque Casey has forged."

"Isn't this Conolly's handwriting?"

"Don't know," answers Mr. Shaughnessy, looking mighty perplexed. "I've never seen it."

"Never seen it! You must have done so if he has any money in your bank."

"He hasn't any money with us."

"Drawn it all?"

"No. He never had an account with us."

Mr. Connell glowered like an angry man at the bank manager, and seemed at a loss, which gave Casey a chance.

"And they can't prove that I wasn't going to take the money to Conolly, although there was none of the same to take."

Mr. Connell spluttered.

"I discharge the prisoner, and if he comes here again on bank business, I'll—I'll put Mr. Shaughnessy in the dock instead."

So Casey, mighty pleased, swinging his bag of coin, the which he rattled against the court door as he left, to let them know he had his own back, went home to tell Mrs. Casey how he closed his account at the bank.

The Paw-Paw Tree

A Nigerian Interlude

By Ashley Gibson

A PAW-PAW tree will look, wherever you find it (and within the tropics of Capricorn and Cancer, between sea-level and 3,000 feet, that may be anywhere), as frankly idiotic as its name. There is a savour of Caudle cups and wet flannel about such a word. "Paw-Paw," you murmur, and then, without being able to help it, "Ma-Ma"—"Ga-Ga"—"Boo-Hoo"! You feel you will be asked to kiss the baby next. These syllables express the African rendering; farther East a more gracious and sophisticated instinct converts the remugient spondee into an amphibrach, and we get "Papaya," which sounds a shade better. No camouflage of that sort, however, is really effectual, and some such label was inevitable. No use giving a sensible name to a thing like that.

Imagine a castor-oil plant (the quasi-exotic that suburban housewives who are really thrifty exchange for an old pair of trousers, and thereafter substitute for the aspidistra in the bow-window) suffering from elephantiasis, a bundle of ugly leaves and stalks whose anæmic green is made more hideous with a coat of varnish, a trunk that seen from a distance mimics some sturdy tropic palm, but at close quarters reveals itself as something infinitely less than honest wood, a spongy and invertebrate stem that you can poke holes in with your finger. Quite early in our acquaintance with it we became aware of this insufferable vegetable's unworthy properties, for tree it emphatically is not. We had known it in Ceylon, where a typical specimen flaunted itself within two feet of our bungalow wall in that embowered suburb of Colombo known as Cinnamon Gardens. Its leaves, glistening like the webbed feet of some batrachian, protruded stiffly twenty feet above the earth from a rugose and stout-seeming trunk that was a good eighteen inches in girth. Amusing himself with a niblick in the front garden, one of us lofted a golf ball to the roof, and the thing rolled into the gutter and stuck. He shinned up that confounded trunk, stretched an arm to grasp the ball, and felt the whole outfit sag and crumple beneath him. There was no snapping or cracking about the affair, that six inches of trunk had merely buckled as

a cabbage stalk might have done, leaving him sprawling among the cannas and tobacco plants.

Ostensibly the province of a paw-paw is to bear fruit, and it is true that most specimens of the tribe do carry throughout the seasons a crop of elongated pumpkins suggesting a hybrid between a vegetable marrow and a cheap water-melon. With the caper-like seeds scraped from their mushy interiors, plus a copious drenching with the juice of fresh limes and the addition of many spoonfuls of sugar, you can in time, in these thirsty lands of the tropics, learn to tolerate the paw-paw as one of the perennial concomitants of early tea. Medicinally, no doubt, it has its points, being chock-full of pepsine to the tips of its ungainly leaves.

Shooting for the pot, you will find that guinea-fowl, partridges, pigeons, indeed everything that flies or flees before your gun, will have to be eaten tough and fresh, as you will soon conclude, or not at all. Try hanging your birds, and they will be rotten in a day. But wrap them tightly in two or three paw-paw leaves, string them up to the branch of a tree for a couple of hours, and *then* cook them, and the meat will melt in your mouth.

There was once (I have it now especially in mind) a lone, perky, futile, entirely superfluous and unprofitable paw-paw. The barren fig-tree was not in it with that plant, which for six weeks and more irritated us every day with its presence, and yet bore no fruit, or promise of the same. Seemingly, it never had, and certainly, after we left it, it never would.

That paw-paw was the only land-mark in our rest-house compound. No other vegetation relieved the arid monotony of the scene. It sprang starkly from a slope of coarse gravel, peopled by hordes of ravening and indefatigable sandflies. To and fro across that gravel flopped and scuttled an evil and perverse generation of lizards, blotched and leprous-looking reptiles with none of the slim elegance, dainty habits, and lacertine grace of their refined European cousins. Cock lizards and hen lizards, shameless all. They hid nothing from us. We knew, long before our six weeks was up, every pinnacle of bliss and profundity of discomfort that life held for a lizard—such lizards anyway as these. The hens were furtive, dowdy, acquisitive, and jealous; the cocks jealous, acquisitive, flashy, and truculent. They wore

vulgar red waistcoats such as publicans or bookmakers affect. When not otherwise occupied they mocked us by parading the insignia of their rascality in our faces, scuffling a yard or so through the loose gravel to attract our attention, and, when they saw we were looking at them, inflating their horrid bodies, pricking up their ragged crests, flashing at us their corselets of abominable scarlet, raising and lowering their chins with an absurd bobbing movement. We took a pea-rifle and knocked over, as we thought, all the worst offenders, but others scuffled forward everlastingly to take their places, and the scenes of cannibalism that ensued made them even more disgusting in our eyes than their predecessors, so that after a week or so we pretended that to us all lizards had become invisible. The boys who regularly spread our kit in the sun and re-packed it were threatened with dire penalties if, at the next halt, it should prove that any loathsome trespasser had got mixed up with the right and proper contents of an "air-tight." An open box, we were advised, was a fatal attraction.

But the paw-paw tree annoyed us more.

You will ask why we stood its obnoxious presence for so long; why we did not seek another refuge where we should be confronted by other trees than paw-paws, or where, paw-paws being present, they should adopt a modest and unassuming habit, like Burns's daisy, or fructify usefully and abundantly, as paw-paws should?

The explanation is, that we were being hung up on our travels by an unsympathetic, unimaginative, and most unaccommodating British Government.

We were British ourselves, true, but this particular district of Northern Nigeria was such a funny part of the country to come to unless you yourself were a British Government official. Something "pukka" and permanent whose official pedigree, salary, home address, golf handicap, and place of worship, were all duly set down in enduring type in the Colonial Office List. Hang it, you might be anybody, be up to no good at all. Those were not the days when Englishmen were required to carry a passport in their own colonies, but you had to be ready and willing with all the details, nevertheless. What *were* we after? Botanizing? Zoologizing? Prospecting, perhaps? Didn't we know that sort of nonsense couldn't be allowed on the other side of the river, where we now

proposed to go? A very in-sal-u-brious district, gentlemen. Only last month an Assistant Resident——. Oh, we had heard that story, had we? Wasn't it good enough? Apparently not. Very well, then.

The long and the short of it was we were definitely forbidden to make any sort of move from Lokoja, where these events occurred. There was a telegraph wire of sorts that ran out of the bush on one side of this station and in again at the other. One end was understood to be somewhere in touch with the Atlantic Ocean, the other with the movable headquarters of a certain Excellency. It was hinted that our affairs were adding to the burden of State matters which made this machinery necessary. We should get definite orders later, meanwhile our permit to occupy the rest-house was extended.

Of course we didn't get any orders.

Every night our boys rigged camp beds and mosquito curtains for each one of us on the narrow, concrete stoep of the rest-house. The sandflies ceased to bother us at dusk, so soon as the mosquitoes had taken over and left their allies to recoup their appetite and energy against the corresponding relief at dawn. Always our eyes were confronted, from the hour of our uprising to that of what should have been sleep but usually wasn't, by the spectre of a barren paw-paw, our ears attuned to the tinkle of gravel where the lizards scuffled and slithered. Whenever one's roving gaze caught a black shadow that wriggled, the shadow stopped dead, beady eyes riveted us, up went a horny chin to disclose the preposterous blazon beneath, and the exasperating bobbing exercise began. One looked away hurriedly.

There was just one other thing. Do you like fifes—that is to say, fifes played by several beginners at that instrument, not altogether in unison? Fifes and drums together, performed upon by experts to some martial quickstep that brings housewives hurrying to their doors to watch the troops (perfectly drilled troops, mark you) go by, will perhaps pass. It is not music, but in such circumstances makes an accompaniment not altogether inadequate. But the Nigerian police, at that period, owned no drums, and till a month or so previously it seemed they had never possessed fifes. They had not quite got the hang of the things yet, but they meant to, and to that end practised assiduously every morning in

barracks—barracks being about a quarter of a mile away. Their instructors had chosen something simple to start with—" Every nice girl loves a sailor." Ever since those days, the sight of a bold A.B. rolling upon his course along the side-walk of a British port always calls up, for one at least of us, the picture of a paw-paw tree, and lizards, lots of lizards, bobbing up and down like jacks-in-the-box.

You must not think we never tried to get away from all this. We did. We made innumerable short excursions in the neighbourhood, but, tied by the leg as we were, they had to be very short indeed, a few miles out and back at the best. Even thus there were chances of excitement. It was not exactly as if we were tethered in the heart of civilization.

The back veranda of the rest-house was steeped perpetually in shadow, the shadow of a tangible if mysterious mountain, which was really the end of a plateau, but from where we were didn't look like it. Beyond the plateau (they call it Mt. Patti in the maps) was just the bush, for hundreds of miles—thousands even—right across Africa. No more roads, cantonments, policemen, nor fifes. Head-hunting savages certainly, and wild beasts, strange gods and temples no doubt, human sacrifices, jujus, witchcraft, spells, horrors. Just bush.

At daybreak one morning one of us went up that mountain. He took a rifle, a heavy ·404, with a rubber contraption attached which Bond Street alleged would minimize the kick. It was a gun that so far he had never tried, lighter weapons having more than sufficed. But up above there, atop of that mountain, a mile or two beyond it perhaps (dash it, the thing nearly jostled one's back door and there were twelve hours for adventure) one might find—who knows—something ?

At that hour—five o'clock or thereabouts—there was the tang of an English October about this African morning, with the Equator but an odd degree or so away. It was good to be alive, better still to be alive and moving. You might have thought the limpid air held a touch of frost. The visibility of objects remained stereoscopic, you seemed to see all round each stone, leaf, or twig in your path. The rare twitterings of the birds had a penetrating sweetness. But as the minutes passed you felt the fine bouquet of this new-born day evaporating. Momently, the sun grew hotter on one's shoulder-blades

through the double thickness of flannel (wear spine-pads with your bush-shirt, it pays). The shade of a grove of young bananas became a solace. The fruit was of the dumpy, mahogany-coloured type. Another boon. That kind happens to be the best.

The evidence that this traveller still walked upon a path became fragmentary, but persisted. Such as it was, the track inclined ever upwards, turning and turning again upon itself till in the deepening shade he lost all sense of the cardinal points, and only knew that he was mounting higher, higher. The forest seemed to wrap its mantle of silence closer about him till he felt hampered, pent in. Sound was rare, but when it came he started nervously. Far away somewhere to the left a tiny rill tinkled melodiously from boulder to boulder. A crepitation in the leaves at the traveller's feet prompted him to look down. A seven-inch scorpion, fearsome in his armour-plate of metallic green, tip-toed across his instep, the wicked tail upcurved and quivering. He looked too villainous to live, and the man put his foot on him.

Only some rudimentary sense of woodcraft now told him where the track lay. One had to be careful. There were fallen trunks to stride over or struggle round, some rotting supine on the mould of ages, others that still swung clear of the ground in a net of tangled lianas, holes and pitfalls masked by a deceptive screen of greenery. Once the man had a nasty stumble, saved himself by clutching an inch thick creeper dangling providentially at his elbow. While his feet groped in space for something solid, a brown ribbon slithered away among the leaves, a sharp malevolent hiss trailed off in diminuendo. Quite a long way away something big and angry barked. An unpleasant sound, harsh, threatening. No dog, tame or wild, could have been responsible. That call was answered from the depths of the thicket no more than twenty yards off. Certainly it made the man jump. But he knew what the beast was, or thought he knew. A baboon. Harmless enough, unless wounded and cornered.

Half an hour of this, and the traveller struggled out on to the flat top of the mountain, finding what he had been told to expect, just the edge of a plateau, an open savanna of wiry grass hemmed in on all sides but one by a dense fringe of forest, with here and there an outcrop of reddish rock. Pretty useful grass though, ten feet

high in places. Luckily there were zones where it grew dwarfed and sparsely, and through these the ghost of a track still meandered. He trudged on, and as the path wound this way and that, perceived that the plateau itself was an odd formation. Perhaps half a mile wide, it seemed to double and twist upon itself like the track by which he had reached it.

Another turn and there lay before him a little rushy mere or water-hole. Huge dragon-flies hung and swooped above its shallows, jewelled butterflies fluttered and skipped about the oozy puddles left by the shrinkage of its waters, for the rains were now nothing but a memory. Flattened runs radiated from the pool in all directions through the grass, and about their outlets the mud was patterned with a criss-cross of scratches and indentations, trails and pugs that indicated the ·404 might yet come in useful if its owner were lucky. Silly of him, though. He ought to have started an hour earlier.

Just where the traveller stood a porcupine had scattered a shower of his gaily-banded quills, and idly he set about picking them up. How many such had he handled before? But he'd had to buy them then at the tackle shop, complete with float caps. It would be fun to meet their outlandish owner in the flesh, here on his native heath.

Then he heard something. Something bigger than a porcupine. Upwind, eighty yards away, the grasses shivered, and there paced delicately right athwart the track some dun-coloured creature about the size of a heifer. There, where the grasses thinned out, one could see more of him. But never was heifer graced with the proud curve of those horns.

The man with the gun stood, crouched, squatted, desperate for a clear view. It was not forthcoming. Only the silhouette of those boldly curving horns receded steadily above the grass.

Despairing, he searched with a far from steady foresight for the individual tuft which might conceal a hartebeeste's shoulder.

Bang!

Jove! If it did that with the rubber contraption properly in place!

Rather more rapidly the horns continued to recede. They disappeared.

A clean miss. At eighty yards, and as big as a cow. Well!

Seemingly in deliberate mockery, a baboon barked. The man with the gun peered all about, then spotted him. At rather less than eighty this time, no more indeed than sixty-five. The baboon crouched on the branch of some low-growing tree that sprang from a ledge just below the plateau's brink. With massy, hirsute forearms clutching another branch above his head, fangs bared, and swinish little eyes blinking, he gibbered at the intruder.

There were two more of those ugly-looking explosive bullets in the magazine.

The second shot was not a miss.

With a satisfied grin, the man ploughed forward to view the damage. The baboon lay flat on his back. He looked all right in front, so the man rolled him over with the toe of his boot. It seemed this type of ammunition did what was claimed for it.

After that the man caught no glimpse of fur or feather. His stable companions, breakfasting miles away, heard those two shots. So did everything with ears in the bush. Besides, the sun was up now, and nothing likely to be doing.

After roaming about the plateau for a further half-hour or so, the man decided there was no definite end to it, and realized that after parting from his baboon he hadn't noticed any traces of a path. He looked at the sun. As he stood, it was some way off the meridian, and to his right. Where it might have been when he first struck the edge of the plateau he hadn't bothered to look. The grass was confoundedly high, and he had lost the edge of the plateau now. After about an hour he found it. Which edge it was he couldn't for the life of him tell. It didn't matter, because he soon lost it again. Scrambling up innumerable trees gave him a view of nothing except more trees, illimitable miles of them. In the course of these adventures he broke his wrist-watch, dropped his rifle into a gully whence it was a hard struggle to retrieve it, tore his shirt, shorts, and, needless perhaps to say, the skin of his knees and forearms, to ribbons.

It would be a mistake to get panicky about a silly contretemps of this sort. Taking a big unmistakable rock as the centre of an imaginary circle, the man climbed

more trees, systematically and carefully, in front, behind, and on either side of this landmark. The fourth attempt was lucky. The edge of the plateau was thirty yards off. But which edge, he was wondering? Then he knew. Three miles away, at the foot of an unbroken slope of vegetation, the trees thinned out to reveal a trickle of quicksilver. The lordly Niger—he had all the bearings he wanted.

Collecting his belongings, he dropped about nine feet over the rock face, and brought up in the heart of some kind of bramble bush. There was no need to worry. The gradient gave one all the directions necessary. It was now merely a matter of time.

Two hours, to be exact.

Such rags as remained to the traveller when he finally emerged on the level and in sight of home were dripping with blood and perspiration, but he was somehow pleasurably excited. What had happened was next door to an adventure.

Feeling it was his day this time, the others were almost jealous.

. . . . .

The afternoon went in cleaning up. Bedtime was usually about half-past eight. There was absolutely nothing else to do, and keeping the lamp going was to court a never-ending visitation of entomological nightmares.

Somewhere about eleven a pyjama-clad figure slung its legs under the mosquito curtain, wriggled the rest of himself out, and staggered to the brink of the veranda. He had been panicking in dreamland, writhing in a smother of leaves, behind which unseen things rustled and hissed.

Nothing there, of course. The rigid forms of his companions, boxed in gauze, were just discernible. The slope of gravel lay spectral and bare under a full moon. Even the lizards had sought their burrows.

But there was the paw-paw. By this light, at this hour, its presence was almost obscene, a grey ghost that mocked his fears.

That damned fungus!

Something gleamed faintly under a pile of prospecting truck in a corner. Crossing the veranda, the man in pyjamas investigated this object more closely. An axe, by Jove!

Two good slashes did the trick. He hadn't thought any more would be necessary.

Young Mrs. Galbraith o' Braidmuir

By Allan Govan

It had all been a mistake—a dreadful mistake! Day after day young Mrs. Galbraith o' Braidmuir told herself so as she looked out, through the sleet-spattered windows of the farm kitchen, at the cold, bleak hills, splashed here and there with white where the snow lay deep in the hollows. She knew now that she should never have been a farmer's wife. She was a product of the city: life in a little farm hidden away in the solitude of the Ayrshire moors was not for her.

She went about her household tasks mechanically, her thoughts wandering far away from the bare, stone-flagged kitchen. Only a year ago—to think of it!—she was living in Glasgow, a big, busy city, where there were theatres, cinemas, dance-halls, cars, buses, shops; everywhere life and bustle. In her humble way she had had her part in it all. During the day, out at business, a typist in a big agricultural-implement dealer's; in the evening, tasting the joys of city life as far as her modest means permitted. She was a town-sparrow, she told herself.

Born and reared in a flat, Mrs. Galbraith had never known what it meant even to have a garden; and her knowledge of farms was what she got from looking at them from the train window when she went on her annual holiday to some busy, noisy coast town. She could hardly have told corn from hay, wheat from barley.

Quentin Galbraith had called once or twice at the implement dealer's about a machine he was buying, and there he and the little town-sparrow first saw each other.

Then, one day they met by accident at opposite sides of a table in a tea-room in Sauchiehall Street; and being young, they laughed at the coincidence and considered themselves already introduced. By going to the same table at the same hour each time he had occasion to visit the implement dealer's, the young man improved upon

the chance meeting. In addition to the lure of her youth and prettiness, there was an attraction for the farmer in the girl's city ways; and the little town-sparrow, for her part, found a peculiar thrill in contemplating young Quentin's splendid manhood.

The friendship progressed, notwithstanding that, deep down in their hearts, each of them knew how difficult it was for town and country to mate; and at last the wise-mad folly of love prevailed over reason.

Young Mrs. Galbraith had come in the spring to the farm as its mistress; and the glamour of marriage, the novelty of everything about the farm, the joyousness of the seasons—spring, summer, and a glorious autumn—had deluded her into a belief that her translation was already accomplished.

But the winter had changed all that.

When winter settled down she watched the fields become bare, desolate. In the work to be done outside there was no glamour. Ploughing, ploughing, ploughing! Every day her man, Quentin, coming home dirty and wet; the cattle confined to the byre, and seeming always to need feeding; all the work drab and unromantic.

And the rain! And the snow! She had never before rightly understood about rain and snow. Rain, as she knew it, could be dodged by dashing for a train or a tram; it was seen mostly through office and home windows. Snow either melted at once in the warm breath of the city, or was quickly shovelled up and carted somewhere out of sight.

But, here, the rain poured down pitilessly, and the snow lay for days, a deep, watery slush—and still the work had to go on.

What a place! What a dismal, dreary place! Young Mrs. Galbraith at times looked down at her dress and was undecided whether to laugh or cry. The dress—a relic of typewriting days—was a soiled wreck which the print overall failed to hide. On her feet were heavy shoes, covered with mud. Her hands, of which she had once been so careful, were red and sore, her nails disfigured.

She had had everything to learn—everything! The very children of her husband's relatives who came about

the farm knew more than she. From the handling of hens and ducks their knowledge extended to scraps of wisdom about the watering of horses after a hard day's work. The children seemed to young Mrs. Galbraith to be animated encyclopædias of farming lore.

Her man had been very gentle, very patient with her in her ignorance. And her trouble wasn't that her love for him had worn threadbare. Little Mrs. Galbraith still felt a gladness at her heart when, in the evenings, she heard Quentin's heavy footsteps come clamping along the stone-flagged passage that led to the kitchen. He had a habit of stopping for a moment at the door to watch her and smile a greeting before he came in; and as she looked up from her small town-sparrow height at his huge bulk filling the doorway, a light always came into her eyes in spite of the gloomy thoughts which, a moment before, had been troubling her.

The household consisted of Quentin and herself, an old woman who was Quentin's grandmother, and a maid of a very uncertain age but a positively colossal capacity for work.

The grandmother was a terrible old woman. She seemed never to stop working—or, at least, pottering about and doing as much as her age and frailty would allow her to do. She was for ever out in the cold, with the rain dropping—sometimes running in streams—off her scanty locks; tramping backwards and forwards from the hot kitchen to the snowy atmosphere outside, with never a wrap to protect her. A dreadful old woman!

She, too, had been patient with young Mrs. Galbraith; and it almost seemed as if, realizing that Quentin had taken a wife who was unused to the ways of a farm, she, Quentin's grandmother, must needs work all the harder to compensate him.

The old woman was against all modern institutions—gramophones, wireless-sets, and such. Even novels were frowned upon. So the young wife had spent most of her long winter nights listening to old Mrs. Galbraith's stories about members of the family long since dead and gone.

A wonderful family, the Galbraiths! It seemed that, in addition to the many Galbraiths scattered about the

farms in the neighbourhood, there were Galbraiths in the "States," Galbraiths in Canada, Galbraiths in New Zealand. And all doing well. The young wife had seen many of the near-by Galbraiths, at her wedding and later. The men were all big, red-faced, strong, healthy; the women, stout, capable, broad-backed, thick-armed. A wonderful family, the Galbraiths!

The grandmother had pointed out, in the small kirk-yard, the graves of Quentin's father and mother—exceptions to the longevity that the Galbraiths expected as their right. The old woman herself seemed to have one foot and most of her thoughts in the grave. She spoke freely about the time when her own call would come; and she gave her new granddaughter specific instructions as to the ordering of affairs when the event did at last happen.

Young Mrs. Galbraith shuddered at the talk; it was on a par with the winter, the bleakness, the cold, the darkness. Oh, that terrible darkness! To her, there was still something terrifying about having to cross the courtyard—the "close," as she was learning to call it—in utter pitchy blackness, with the talk of the old woman following her out into the night. There had been no such darkness in the city! When she crept back again to the comfort, the warmth, the "safety" of the fire, she always told herself once more that it had been all wrong, all wrong. She was a stranger to the life. She could never be happy in it. The place had beaten her—the cold, the snow, the darkness. She would never be a Galbraith.

The "shortest day" had come and gone, and there was already a slight change in the length of the days: but the cold and the wet seemed as if they might go on for ever.

By now, Mrs. Galbraith had fallen into a habit of lying awake for long hours at night thinking of the mistake, the tragedy of her life. Long, lonely, terrible hours they were, while at her side her man slept the sleep of utter weariness.

Very slowly she came to the decision that she must openly admit her failure; she must fly from the place before it drove her mad. The future didn't matter. All

that mattered was to get away; to escape from these dreadful, desolate moors; from the dirty, cold, hard work; from that terrible old woman, with her talk of Galbraiths, with her one foot in the grave. She must get back to the city, to civilization, to life that was bearable. She would go home. Time enough to think of what she would do when she got home! There would be lights in the streets, bustle, shops, escape from wind and rain.

The thought of escape took complete possession of her. She planned it all out. There were two railway stations about equally distant from the farm. Each morning, very early, Quentin drove to one of the stations with the milk. When he left, she would escape. She would make for the other station, and be in the train and on her way home before he returned. She would write to him to tell him that it had all been a mistake, that she couldn't change her whole nature—she was a town-sparrow! It was sad, very sad—especially for Quentin. . . .

She chose a suitable morning. After the cart had started off with the milk, she slipped upstairs again and began to change into her best dress. She dressed hurriedly. Her feet were itching to be away. She could go through the kitchen at a time when the maid was in the byre. The old woman would be easy to avoid; she was almost deaf!

It was still long before daylight. In the darkness, young Mrs. Galbraith crept down the stairs into the big kitchen, where the light from the fire which burned day and night flickered on the whitewashed walls and ceiling.

The old woman was sitting in one of the chairs near the fire—the chair facing young Mrs. Galbraith. She didn't stir when the door creaked slightly as the young wife moved it. Evidently she was asleep. An unusual thing! Old Mrs. Galbraith wasn't accustomed to sleep while there was work to be done.

Young Mrs. Galbraith stole quietly forward, her eyes fixed on the old woman. As she crept nearer, she could see the sleeper more clearly in the flickering light. Old Mrs. Galbraith was sitting upright, her head resting on the back of the chair—but there was something unnatural in her attitude. . . .

Instead of gliding softly past, young Mrs. Galbraith

approached the chair as if fascinated. She was right in front of the old woman now. The fire flamed up brightly for an instant—and young Mrs. Galbraith understood. . . .

The Mrs. Galbraith who was sitting in the high-backed chair had worked at the tasks set before her; she had toiled in the cold and the wet, giving all the strength that was hers; and when she could work no more, she had sat her down in her chair, and had died.

The old woman in the chair seemed to bar the way to escape. Young Mrs. Galbraith knew that she couldn't run away from her man like a thief while death was in his house. Her trouble must wait. Death claimed first place always ; death ruled all comings and goings.

She crept softly upstairs again—the maid must not see her in her best clothes ! She must change back again to her workaday garb !

She hurried. But she felt she would be afraid to go down again to the kitchen, where old Mrs. Galbraith sat with calm dignity in her chair. She had been a terrible old woman in her life: she was a terrible old woman still—sitting up straight-backed, uncompromising in the face of death itself ! When the maid came into the kitchen, she would discover and call out. It would be time enough to go down when the maid called.

When she was dressed again she walked about the room restlessly, waiting until she should hear the maid's voice.

Then, suddenly, without any previous suggestion that it might be so, knowledge that was utterly appalling came to young Mrs. Galbraith; knowledge, the true significance of which she considered in a stunned sort of way. While life had just passed out of this house, soon life would come into it again. New life. One cycle of life had been completed in the chair before the fire; another cycle of life had already begun. . . .

Her mind refused to think as she wanted it to think. It wandered away, foolishly, into the future; a future that could never be, a future she had decided to change—until she was temporarily stopped at the chair by the fire.

The idle, foolish thoughts crowded her brain. Thoughts of a rosy-cheeked farmer's wife standing in a doorway, watching her man coming home in the evening with the

horses from the harvest-field, behind him the setting sun dyeing the sky with glorious, magical tints of red. Her man was holding up a chubby boy on the broad back of the gentle mare. The little figure changed strangely. At times a little girl, her curly hair bleached white with the sun, sat fearfully on the mare's rounded back.

No, no, no! This new thing could not—must not affect her decision! It changed nothing. The place was still the same——

There was a cry from below—startling in its suddenness, although it had been waited for; and young Mrs. Galbraith ran hurriedly down the stairs in response to the maid's call.

So now she had two things to tell her man when he came home—if she did tell him this other thing that could be hid for the present! If her decision still stood, why should she tell him? . . . But all such considerations were overshadowed by the wandering, irresponsible thoughts about the impossible future—the future that was not to be. Throughout the time while she was helping the maid to do what was necessary for the one who had met Death—her mind was dwelling on Life. Life—and the future.

While her thoughts were still being blown about by changeable, impish winds, young Mrs. Galbraith recognized sounds that heralded her husband's return. Presently she heard the cart drive into the yard.

Quentin would not be long now. From the sounds that came to her she could follow what he was doing. He was watering the horse now. Now he was leading the horse into the stable—its shoes were stamping on the cobble-stones. Now he was coming across the "close," his heavy boots crunching on the gravel.

The footsteps stopped near the door. The garden gate clicked. Why was he going into the garden? She waited impatiently.

A moment later the gate clicked again, and the heavy metal-shod boots came noisily along the passage.

According to his habit, Quentin stopped for a moment at the door leading to the kitchen, his great body almost filling the doorway. As he always did, he looked to see what his wife was doing.

Young Mrs. Galbraith waited silently until he stalked in. He was holding out his right hand towards her. In his thick, strong fingers he held a single, tiny, white blossom. The little flower seemed very puny, very insignificant between his finger and thumb; but it showed spotlessly white against the dark of his weather-tanned skin—a perfect symbol of all that is pure!

"The first snowdrop o' the season," he said. "Now that the snowdrops ha' come, the days'll soon lengthen out."

Young Mrs. Galbraith took the flower from his fingers, hardly knowing what to do with it. She was striving to understand. . . .

Then, suddenly, like an inspiration, came the knowledge that, on one and the same day, two Galbraiths had spoken to her silently. The Galbraith who had slipped out of life so gently, who was taking her ease at last, had spoken to her of work well done. This other Galbraith, Quentin, her man, had told her that days were not all dark and cold. He had spoken of spring and summer and harvest-time; of warm days, of sunshine. Of years to come, bringing with them health and happiness. He had spoken of hope.

And for the first time, feeling that she was a Galbraith o' Braidmuir, the girl who had been a town-sparrow told her two stories. She told first the story of work well done—the story of death. Then she told the story of hope—the story of life.

A Ballade of Gallio

By Robert Bell

THERE are some things for which I do not care:
Among them, those who ride the shuddering breeze
From here to there, from there to everywhere,
And cross (or fall into) a hundred seas:
Disseminating fits to chimpanzees
And palpitations to the butcher-bird—
Of these, and many other things like these,
I do not want to hear another word.

Of Reparations, and the Book of Prayer;
Of Naval Pacts; of everything Chinese;
Of Baldwin and his pipes; of Maxton's hair;
Of Liberal prospects, Liberal bawbees;
Of New York towers that top the Pyrenees;
Of "Love That Fails" and "Husbands That Have Erred,"
By lady novelists at special fees—
I do not want to hear another word.

Of prodigies that bring beside your chair
The noises of the world from which one flees;
Of faces from far Hollywood, that stare;
Of nigger tunes escaped from the police;
Of television from Antipodes;
Of clamorous sheets which publish (rather blurred)
Faces of victims of some skin disease—
I do not want to hear another word.

Prince, when the wonders come as thick as bees,
You must not blame me for a pulse unstirred:
What's that?—Another kine . . . —No, no, *please*—
I do not want to hear another word.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The "Community" Spirit.

"I DIDN'T see you at the Ditcham Charity Football Match," remarked Heddle.

"You did not," replied Sergeant Murphy. "Nor did annybody else. I was on me way there whin a fellah on the bus warned me that there was goin' to be community singin'. At wance the thought sthruck me that I was overdue for a corporal work of mercy like visitin' the sick. So I dhropped off the bus and wint to see ould Taylor who can talk gout for two solid hours without touchin' on anny of the finer points of the ailmint. I was happier there than at the match."

"You don't like chorus singing?" said Heddle.

"Is it chorus singin'?" replied the Sergeant. "Who was talkin' of chorus singin'? That's another thing altogether. Whin we were on the march in France or havin' a sing-song in the billet, whose voice rang out above all others—sometimes half a bar in advance? Pathrick Murphy's, to be sure. If a fellah sings because he feels that way, it's grand. But thim cold-blooded organized affairs, with a lot of pallid-lookin' clerks and flappers demandin' to know the best way of handlin' a dhrunken sailor, don't make me day brighter. It's the ould story of compulsory church parade and goin' to church because you want to go.

"Besides, a man has or hasn't a singin' voice, and multiplyin' him be ten thousand won't give him the uvula, or whatever you call it, of a Caruso. If you want to hear real music listen to a Welsh crowd at a Rugby Football match singin' their saucepan song. But they don't have a dhrill-sergeant of a fellah with a megaphone bullyin' thim into keepin' step.

"Beyond that, Heddle, I think meself that this community business has gone far enough already.

"There's the Summer Time idea. I'm all for more hours of sunlight, but I resint community clock-fakin' be the orders of a Governmint departmint at certain times every year.

"Did you ever hear of community cursin', Heddle? It was produced first on anny stage be the Russian

Bolsheviks a little while back. A simple, touchin' ceremony it must have been.

"A large part of the Red Army was paraded wan day in the principal square of Moscow for the purpose of community cursin' of Capitalism. There, at the word of command, and takin' the time from the right-hand man, the throops poured forth a sthream of steady blasphemy that, rightly directed, ought to have brought blisthers on half the bourgeois in Europe. As far as I know, the effect was not too terrible. Some tin and artificial silk shares sagged a bit, but in response to some counter-cursin' be capitalists they recovered later and Moscow's gallant effort misfired.

"Now it's the spirit at the back of that that puts the wind up me, Heddle. The more Governmints change, the more they remain the same—for the worse. America, Italy, Russia—wherever you go, you find the same policy embedded in every Governmint's skull—dhragoon the public. And I don't like the idea of Whitehall gettin' wind of this community notion and adaptin' it for their own purposes.

"Here's a case. Imagine some great hectorin' fellah appointed as Principal Medical Officer to the Local Governmint Board. Wan day he comes along to his chief with a sheaf of figures to prove that colds are conthracted and millions of workin' days lost through fellahs gettin' into their summer undertogs too early.

"The answer is compulsory community clout-castin'. A day will be fixed in the calendar whin from Land's End to the Scotch terminus all male workers will be forced to shed their winter pants and singlets and come forth, in a manner of speakin', in their porous summer-weight stuff."

"They'd never dare to enforce anything like that," said Heddle aghast.

"Wouldn't they?" was the reply. "The departmints have done as much a dozen times over in the last few years. And if ever a sthrong Socialist Governmint comes in, there'll be no limit to what they may do.

"That's why I think Mr. Baldwin's sthrategy in his campaign agen the Karl Marx fans is not too good. He ought to have started out be smashing the Socialists near by."

"Which ones are they?"

"The fellahs in Whitehall," said Sergeant Murphy.

Super-Productions

By Horace Shipp

Wake Up and Dream. (London Pavilion.)
The New Moon. (Drury Lane.)
Porgy. By Du Bose and Dorothy Heyward. (His Majesty's.)

In the heaven of Mr. Cochran's showmanship are many mansions. At one moment he will bring over a Duse or the Guitrys to entertain the elect whose appreciation of the subtleties of art can surmount the difficulties of a strange language; at another he will be organizing a cabaret show to titillate the fashionable " between their after supper and bedtime "; or he will put on some quite orthodox, traditional West End piece; or he will produce one of these quantitative spectacles such as *Wake Up and Dream.* Whatever he does is, of its kind, well done. Catering for what Reinhardt would call " the theatre of the five thousand," he gives us his annual revue at the London Pavilion; and the thousands attend dutifully, knowing that they will get very good value for their money.

Wake Up and Dream is the mixture as before. These shows tend to become more and more dance-spectacle. No matter where an item starts it seems to end in dance; exhibitionist dancing with Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale, Spanish dancing with Tina Meller, Russian dancing with the Berkoff family, contortionist with Laura Devine, step dancing with Chester Fredericks and Margie Finley, and everything with Tilly Losch and her Viennese colleague, Toni Birkmayer. These principals have the energetic and almost ceaseless support of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies and Gentlemen; and Saint Vitus must assuredly be the patron saint of the whole show.

The best thing by far in the revue is the San Francisco Gold Rush item. Had Diaghileff staged it as a ballet, it would have held its own easily in his repertory: that is its quality. The fact that it is one of twenty-seven items in Mr. Cochran's show speaks something for his sense of quantity. From a book bought by chance in

New York, Mr. Cochran saw the fascinating revue possibilities of a scenario based on the 1849 Gold Rush when every kind of adventurer gathered into San Francisco. The scenery by Marc Henri, the costumes, the solo and chorus dancing, the lighting, everything wherewith this strange page of life is fantastically presented, makes an exquisite and satisfying beauty. There are other lovely things: Tilly Losch's Blue Bird costume, "*Cophelia*" *seen from the wings*, the Chinese scene in *A Girl in a Shawl*, stand out in my mind. Then there are jolly and amusing items like the *Split Seconds with the Great*, when Dr. Johnson talks with Bernard Shaw, Newton with Einstein, Ruskin with Noel Coward. So for three solid hours the fun is fast and furious.

If one has a doubt, it is of the wit. Perhaps wit is not a quantitative element, but neither the crude humour of *The Man in the Red Tie* nor the elaborate naughtiness of many of the sketches had it. The joke comes off best when it is spectacular, as in the Sir Thomas Beecham impersonation, where a Rex Whistler back-cloth became the point of the joke; or in *Four Quick Ones*, where we were allowed to glimpse the reality behind such sentiments as "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," or "The Englishman's home is his castle." Nor was the singing of any standard. Jessie Matthews' all-round accomplishments include an adequate but not very attractive voice, and George Metaxa's foreign accent loses the words. We come back to spectacle. Cochran's super-revues are for the eye, not the ear nor the mind.

The same is true of the big musical show which Sir Alfred Butt has staged at Drury Lane. Again it is good measure well pressed down, with lots of dance and lots of noise and pretty frocks, with a chorus drilled to the final perfection of ensemble. There is the thrill of a great stage fight with pirates, and candle-power that never was on sea or land, to keep us happy. There is Evelyn Laye, who can act, dance, sing and look pretty, and Gene Gerrard, who is really a comedian. If one likes the ragout which constitutes musical comedy, *The New Moon* provides it at its most highly-flavoured. The story, based, it is stated, upon fact, is coherent—a reform this in the world of music plays—but the story does not

matter much. The piece looks good, keeps us amused and hypnotized by dance and song while we are in the theatre; and for the patrons of romantic musical plays that is all they know on earth and all they need to know.

So to the third great spectacle, and again Mr. Cochran is our host. *Porgy* at His Majesty's is, in its own way, a masterpiece; it must not be missed. It lifts a shutter into the exotic life of a negro community living in the midst of the white civilization in Charleston, Carolina. Its interest, humour, terror, pity, its abounding tragedy and comedy are transcriptions of that life. The characters are not highly individualized (Porgy least of all), but the community is marvellously presented, and it is the impression of that folk life which remains with us. It would be difficult to forget the scene of the "saucer burial," when the negroes are gathered about the corpse of a murdered man chanting their spirituals; or the scene of their terror during a storm when they link their ideas of the Judgment Day, from their crude Christianity with the ancient Voodoo which subconsciously controls their beliefs. It would be impossible not to react to the charm of the Crab-man's street cry, or the humour of a little scene where the police officers are repulsed by the protective sense of the community. This is folk drama. It has affinities with Mr. Sean O'Casey's pictures of Irish life; indeed, there is an interesting comparison to be made between the two people.

The actual story: of the negro Crown having to fly from the community after murdering a man; of his woman Bess—hitherto a bad lot given to "happy dust," which is cocaine, and "red-eye," which is whisky—being sheltered by the crippled Porgy and under the influence of his devotion reforming; of Crown's return to claim her, his murder by Porgy, the carrying off of Porgy by the police as a witness, of Bess's drift back to the old life when he is away, and the finale of his return and setting off in his little goat-cart in hopeless search for her; this story does not move us half so much as the background of negro life against which it is enacted. That, in the hands of Mr. Mamoulian as producer, is epic, and demands that we see this beautiful, terrible, and withal humorous negro drama.

Books

HISTORY

ENGLISH THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By D. C. SOMERVELL. Methuen. 6s.

MR. SOMERVELL has both knowledge and the gift of summarizing attractively; so his book should be particularly useful to students. It sets out to trace developments of thought in politics, economics, religious science, and art. This is a big programme, and he must have felt the difficulty of condensing a man's work into a sentence or two. On the whole, he has done very well within his 235 pages of text, being particularly clever in selecting apt quotations from writers whose help is acknowledged.

We are glad to see Scott's influence recognized; but George IV made him a baronet, not a knight. Scott was definitely a Tory; Dickens, as Mr. Somervell remarks, was a "democrat by sentiment," a vague sort of Radical. We do not know what is meant by the statement that he "revelled, very unwisely, in his riches." He secured a good country house, which is a common enough proceeding with people of means. His unwisdom was shown in overwork and in his delight in dramatizing himself before his public in incessant readings. His scornful disgust of Parliament was undisguised and repeated later by thinkers of more note. Charles Reade might have been mentioned as a novelist with a keen interest in current problems who supported his fiction with an unusual weight of documentary evidence. On Bentham and his school Mr. Somervell is excellent, and he discovers the multifarious composite of Gladstone's make-up—a Puseyite in religion and a Benthamite in politics. We have no doubt that the greatest influence in the century was Darwin, ably seconded by Huxley, who coined the word "agnostic" in 1869. The books of the fifties and the seventies have to be read to realize the immense change brought about by the advance of science, regarded as a new and sufficient gospel. These claims have been reduced since, but the Evangelicals, once dominant in English life, no longer have their old power, and, in consequence of their lack of intellectual distinction and opposition to new knowledge, have seldom got credit from historians for the good work they inspired. Mr. Somervell is fair to them, quoting a passage we noticed recently in M. Halévy's great history, and points out that "social problems were not their *métier*." The æsthetic school of Pater had devotees who were silly enough, as these pages suggest; but it should not be forgotten that the movement did good service in putting the hideous mid-Victorian ideas of beauty and ornament out of date. For instance, the

coloured title-page of Milman's "Horace," 1849, is desperately ugly, and nothing like it has been seen since.

Towards the end of the century a new, or at any rate a newly-recognized, freedom of thought arrived which is worth notice. A heretic was celebrated in "Robert Elsmere." We should have mentioned Robertson Smith, who, hunted as unorthodox out of an Aberdeen chair, found a wider appeal as a Cambridge Professor and Librarian. His broader views were marked on the "Encyclopædia Britannica," of which he rose to be chief editor. Should not the author of "The Golden Bough" be also mentioned? Comparative anthropology has led to frank recognition of the pagan elements in religion. The advance of mysticism seems another plain feature of English life which might at the end of the century be illustrated in many ways. Watts-Dunton's not very brilliant "Aylwin" reached a nineteenth edition in 1900, and Christian Science has had a much wider success than the earlier Christian Socialism.

V. R.

BENN'S SIXPENNY LIBRARY. No. 34, ATHENS. By E. H. WARMINGTON. No. 35, THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By ERNEST WEEKLEY.

THE chief use of this enterprising series, we take it, is to help readers who have already made some advance to revise or systematize their knowledge, or to give the tolerably ignorant a new interest which they can seriously pursue. In either case the brief bibliographies added at the end are just what is needed.

Mr. Warmington's "Picture of a Great Greek City" has had many predecessors, but he brings out the main points clearly, and in his chapter on "The Beginnings" gives some details of climate, products and economics (a subject almost entirely neglected by the ancient historians), which are essential for a just view of the famous City-State. When he comes to her time of glory, he rightly remarks that, "while the people advanced to full democracy, they were, in fact, ruled by one man." After the death of Pericles, Athens was never the same, and the rise of the "bounder" is fairly exhibited. Mr. Warmington does not disdain modern touches, and is clear in arranging his complicated matter. The reader may observe that, while Athens was far behind Rome in practical success, she must always shine in history as the pioneer of intellectual freedom.

Authors and publishers of late seem to be taking a novel interest in the English language, and Prof. Weekley, one of the wise teachers who do not believe in separating instruction from amusement, is decidedly attractive in his short survey. He has himself composed a dictionary, and he produces a wonderful store of effective examples from particular writers. He points out

what Shakespeare, Milton and Scott have done for English, and deals with the American invasion :—

> Mr. Dooley's opinion is that, "when we Americans are through with the English language, it will look as if it had been run over by a musical comedy."

The account of foreign elements, naturalized in a way unexampled elsewhere, is particularly interesting, but the whole seventy-nine pages are full of learning, and we wish the booklet were available in a more permanent cover.

PROBLEMS OF TODAY

THE PROSPECTS OF DEMOCRACY AND OTHER ESSAYS. By A. E. ZIMMERN. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

THIS book consists of a series of lectures and papers by the Deputy-Director of the International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation. They are particularly interesting as the work of a distinguished scholar, not the average publicist. The scholar will not "prostitute his equipment to purely ephemeral ends," and so is too little heard in affairs. Mr. Zimmern knows all about Plato and Ancient Greece, and brings ideals to his survey which are non-existent or submerged in the claptrap of contemporary politicians. He recognizes the trials of the professional student when he leaves his ivory tower to confront the world.

The first essay, on an American scholar who figured at Paris in 1919, shows what the qualities of a man who is both deep student and idealist are. In another, Mr. Zimmern discovers fairly enough the handicaps and deficiencies from which the American undergraduate suffers. He finds "golden" material, commonly misdirected. His suggestions for a better way have some of the lecturer's vagueness, and we are not in sympathy with all his conclusions. But he does not lack candour in diagnosing the present discontents. That blessed thing "democracy" carries a good deal of humbug with it, and Mr. Zimmern admits that it "has not yet discovered its appropriate institutions." It is "predisposed to mediocrity" and ready to emotionalize politics. But here, for good or ill, it is—bound to interfere, if it does not rule. It is clear that to produce any solid improvement in present methods and standards in this country we must look to influences like the W.E.A. It has already, we presume, reduced the gross materialism of place-hunters and arrivists, but how much remains to be done! More than fifty years ago Disraeli said : "Upon the education of the people of this country the fate of this country depends." Mr. Zimmern sees this and has wise words on adult education. It is not so much erudition

FACTS AND FIGURES

on current economic and social problems are provided in Government Publications as in no other series of books. The following documents will be indispensable to any fruitful discussion of some major questions arising before the General Election.

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The Final Report of the "Balfour" Committee on Industry and Trade surveys Great Britain's industrial and commercial problems, with special reference to the export trade, discusses various plans, *e.g.* "Safeguarding," and recommends definite policies to assist recovery and expansion. 5s. 6d. (5s. 11d.).

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"Report of the Industrial Transference Board." 1s. 6d. (1s. 8d.). "Report of the Unemployment Insurance Committee." 1s. (1s. 2d.). "Memorandum on use of Unemployment Benefit in aid of Wages in Industry and on Relief Work." 3d. (4d.). "The Ministry of Labour Gazette." Monthly. 7s. a year. Contains much valuable information.

TAXATION

"The Report of the 'Colwyn' Committee on National Debt and Taxation." 7s. 6d. (8s.). A thorough review of the effects of taxation on trade, industry, employment, and credit. "Report of H.M. Commissioners for Inland Revenue, 1928." 2s. (2s. 2d.). Return showing the expenditure on Public Social Services in 1891, 1901, 1911, 1927, and 1928 respectively. 3d. (4d.).

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"Report on Agricultural Policy." 4d. (5d.). "Report of the Scottish Conference on Agricultural Policy." 1s. 6d. (1s. 7d.). "Report of the Agricultural Tribunal of Investigation." 5s. (5s. 5d.). Probably the most comprehensive survey of the agricultural problem of Great Britain which has yet been published.

EDUCATION

"The Education of the Adolescent." 2s. (2s. 4d.). Cloth 3s. (3s. 5d.). A far-seeing programme of educational advance by the Consultative Committee of the Board of Education. "The New Prospect in Education." 6d. (7d.). An attempt to give practical shape to some of the Committee's recommendations. "Education in 1928." 4s. (4s. 3d.).

RATING REFORM

The Local Government Act, 1929, contains the text of sweeping changes in the organization and finance of Local Government. 3s. (3s. 3d.). An explanatory memorandum on its provisions as passed by the House of Commons. 1s. (1s. 1d.). General circular on the Act. 3d. (4d.). A review of the major changes which the Act involves and of the fundamental principles on which it is based.

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in economics as a new spirit that is needed. If it does not come, we can only cry with Arnold's Obermann :—

> Your creeds are dead, your rites are dead,
> Your social order, too!
> Where tarries he, the Power who said:
> *See, I make all things new?*

A good deal of space is devoted to the League of Nations. So far, it seems to many very expensive, dilatory, and more ridiculous than efficient; recognized, indeed, as a noble gesture, but unsatisfactory in its working. Mr. Zimmern, however, is bound to believe that it will gain the authority and respect it has not yet secured.

It will hardly do to quote the saying about two blades of grass where only one grew before as typical of nineteenth-century materialism. It belongs to the King of Brobdingnag, as reported by Gulliver.

POSTERITY IN THE LIGHT OF SCIENCE, PHILANTHROPY, AND POPULATION. By FRANK W. WHITE. Watts. 2s. 6d.

THIS book is short but full of matter worth attention. Major Leonard Darwin in his foreword points out the importance of the subject with the authority of a leader in eugenics. We published one of the chapters—on Unemployment—in the REVIEW. The author writes as a doctor and shows the perilous condition in which we stand today, relying on a temporary safety which is leading us downhill. The fertility of the less fit and the marked reduction of children among the best stock (largely owing to a taxation which pays little regard to the vital problem of national welfare) are very serious phenomena for any thinking man. More education on this and allied themes is needed, and this book supplies it with statistics that cannot be disputed. We are glad to notice that reference is made to the shallow sentimentalism which is largely responsible for the present indifference of the public. "Nature," as a wise thinker wrote, "forgives no debt and fears no grave"; but *homo sapiens* often regards himself as a bright exception to sound rules of life. Dr. White shows that drastic measures which have been put in practice elsewhere may soon be necessary here. But the chief thing to be desired is a change in public opinion which will make it difficult for a doctor who is a consumptive to have unfit children and then on his wife's death take another. This is a case known to us. "Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis"; it was Horace who wrote it; and we note Dr. White's attack on the pre-eminence of the ancient classics. That, we think, is now much reduced, and modern education wisely insists on biological knowledge in the best schools.

The chapter on "Misunderstandings and Objections" is

particularly timely and should reduce the influence of the vague and loose rhetoric which delays vital reform. It is well to realize that fitness is mental as well as physical, but the idea that literature is a morbid secretion is only worthy of the decadents who doubtfully adorn it. The popular Press should find room for a serious interest on the subject among its chatter and smatter on marriage, happiness, and dress.

SILESIA REVISITED, 1929. By LT.-COL. GRAHAM SETON HUTCHISON. Simpkin, Marshall. 2s. 6d.

THIS paper-covered short book is important as giving in detail the results of examination by an exceptionally competent witness of the troubles which have arisen out of the plebiscite of 1921. Statistics up to date of minerals and coal; the question of wages, which, it is said, leads thousands of workers to tramp across the new frontier line to what remains of German Silesia; language, which means largely a "Water-Polish"; minority schools; charges against the "Deutscher-Volksbund"—all these points are considered. The disturbances and illegalities of recent years certainly form a grave danger to peace, and the "Wojewoda," or Governor of Polish Silesia, is accused of ruling by espionage and petty tyranny. The author claims to be without bias and regards a Permanent Commission and full publicity as necessary to secure fair procedure. He shows that our own foreign market in coal has been greatly affected by Polish exports, which have secured the bulk of the Baltic trade. So long as Polish miners are paid much less than English, it does not seem easy to alter this.

FICTION

THE INCONSISTENT VILLAINS. By N. A. TEMPLE-ELLIS. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

IN this book, which won the publisher's first prize for a detective story, the gradual unfolding of the plot, drawing different webs together, and solution of its details are skilfully arranged. The long arm of coincidence is cleverly used with a touch of originality, and the detective, an ex-soldier, rises to the grand manner, like the final catastrophes, one of which recalls the great Dumas. Personally, the present reviewer cares less in this sort of tale for bands of villains than for concentration on a single malefactor. But the gangs here engaged,

> people who seem capable of defending themselves and at the same time taking vengeance on their adversaries, even at the expense of rousing the whole countryside by revolver practice at night,

are certainly well managed by the author. Novelties are hardly possible today, but he gets some good surprises out of familiar material.

Judicious readers should get rid of the paper cover, which gives away too much in its summary.

PLUCK THE FLOWER. By JOHN BROPHY. Dent. 7s. 6d.

MR. BROPHY'S new book has the years of the Boer War for its "period," and it is strange to note in passing how great appears the gulf already fixed between the new generation and the close of the last century. Not that Mary Floyd and the brothers John and Paul Ockendale—the former of whom marries her to shield her from the disgrace of what, unknown to him, the latter had been the cause—or silly Mrs. Floyd, or the broad-minded Anglican vicar, or the personnel of Pondlebury's Department Store are anything but very much of our own time. Indeed, it is hard to conceive how, in those censorious days, the married state of Mary and John, based on so doubtful a foundation, could have been permitted to flourish in such comparatively unassailed happiness as is here set forth. The seduction of Mary, detailed with a particularity that Mr. Aldous Huxley himself might envy, is the only concession to modern salaciousness; for, in most un-Victorian fashion, the victim contrives very sensibly to convert her shame into a veritable stepping-stone to higher things—unselfishness, sympathy, and character generally. Thus is the flower plucked. The story has insight and an unobtrusive humour, and both in characterization and cohesiveness shows a marked advance on the author's previous work; but the gulf of the years seems greater than ever and more fantastically fixed when we read—a "period" detail this—that in 1899 Temple Bar was "not reduced to a mere griffin."

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD. By GERALDINE BONNER. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.

THIS story has been taken over from America and is a good specimen of excitement well maintained and ingeniously varied by subtle alarms, attempts, and discoveries outside the main disaster. The drama is played by an oddly assorted set of persons imprisoned in a ranch house by daily increasing floods. A get-away is impossible, though this was the original idea of the two strangers, crooks carrying notes stolen by violence in the district. Two leading motives, which are unknown to the party in general, increase the irony of the situation, and the chief crook, "as a Californian and an adventurer," exercises a strain of sentiment to help the pretty ending.

The punctuation is inadequate, e.g. in "He never mentioned it for he was a kindly soul." We hope the influence of American freaks is not destroying reasonable aids to easy reading

MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS

THE MERCHANT NAVY. VOL III.
By SIR ARCHIBALD HURD. THE PRINCE OF WALES, in his Foreword to this final volume says: "The present volume raises the curtain on what I take to have been the climax of that vast drama—the enemy's plunge into unrestricted submarine warfare on our merchant seamen." Illustrated. 21s. net. *Official History of the Great War.*

ROMANESQUE FRANCE
By VIOLET R. MARKHAM, C.H. "This charming book, which contains much curious information about people and places enlivened with a keen sense of humour, will surely achieve its object."—*Morning Post.* Illustrated. 18s. net.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN; or the 'Compleat' Savoyard
By ISAAC GOLDBERG. A frank, thorough and full biography of each of the great collaborators and a brilliant study of their works. Illustrated. 21s. net. [*May* 3.

IS LABOUR LEAVING SOCIALISM?
By Dr. L. HADEN GUEST, M.C. The author sets out the results of his recent extensive investigations into the relationship between Socialism and the Labour Movement. 3s. 6d. net.

NEW NOVELS

A WILD BIRD
By MAUD DIVER. The scene is laid partly in India and partly in England. It is essentially a study of Eve Challoner, daughter of Colonel Challoner, whose story was told in "Lonely Furrow." 7s. 6d. net.

DOUBLE LIVES
By SINCLAIR MURRAY. Is any deception, however loving, ever wise? Helen Glaisher thought so and nearly wrecked two lives. But only nearly. 7s. 6d. net. [*May* 3.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W.1

POETRY

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS. Secker. 10s. 6d.
BALLADS AND POEMS. By ALFRED NOYES. Blackwood. 7s. 6d.

IN the preface of his collected volume Lord Alfred Douglas states axiomatically, "Good poetry is made up of two things: style and sincerity. Both are requisite in equal degrees." He goes on to castigate the offenders in his eyes against this twofold law—those who under the "Art for Art's sake" banner have style alone, and those who are what he calls "anti-formal." Actually, the difficulties are greater than this. One man's sincerity is another man's anathema; and the most violent of Lord Alfred's "anti-formalists" are usually concerned in creating a very exact and exacting form of their own. Thus the "anti-form" poetry of, say, Mr. Wilfred Owen, whom the war found and lost for us, is placed outside the pale by these tenets. Analysed, they mean only that good poetry must have manner and matter, and Lord Alfred's attempt to prove that the manner and matter must approximate to his own leaves us unconvinced.

To turn, however, to the poems: there is beauty after the exquisite fashion of the nineties, and a perfection of form—*a* perfection, which is not to say *the* perfection. Being in the fashion of the nineties, which Lord Alfred Douglas has never outgrown, they are rather self-conscious and given to roses, nightingales, and generally to the pallor of white ivory under the moon. How beautiful this can be, those who revel in the work of Wilde, Ernest Dowson, or Stephen Phillips know. Lord Alfred has modified its raptures and Baudelairean passions by the deeper sense of reality of the twentieth century, and by the very earnest expression of the mysteries of the Roman Catholic faith; but Swinburne sits in the high seat of poetry in his mind and Beardsley presides over art.

There is a section of Light Verse, including his *Pongo Papers* and *Tails with a Twist*, which, unless my own mood and sense of humour are at fault, are unworthy to be included. The book is charmingly produced, and we value it for the characteristically precious work of the author and forgive it the shortcomings of the period to which he still spiritually belongs.

After this silver flute, the drum and cornet of Mr. Noyes seem somewhat strident. He would heartily endorse Lord Alfred's æsthetics of poetry, and Lord Alfred would probably plug his ears with some form of etherealized cotton-wool to shut out Mr. Noyes's orchestral virility. Yet he has form and the sincerity of a Grand Inquisitor, and he shares Lord Alfred's hatred of all heretics from his poetic faith.

There is a period in our lives when the "pomperty-pom" of "Kew in Lilac Time" or "The Forest of Wild Thyme" sets our hearts beating and our feet tapping. "The Highwayman" goes riding—riding perennially from the lips of lady elocutionists, and many young folk have been initiated into a love of English poetry through the colourful, swinging lines of Mr. Noyes. At its best, his verse has a narrative skill which gives it a relationship with Tennyson's narrative poetry; at its worst, it is much more reminiscent of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The trouble is an almost fatal facility. When one finds language pouring away into these rhythms, it is little wonder that the reaction came and imagist poetry tried to say in three words what these poets say in so many stanzas.

When Mr. Noyes frees himself from the domination of this method by the choice of a big theme, as in "The Torchbearers," he is at his best as a narrative poet; and anyway, because there are always young minds needing to be brought under the spell of rhythm, Mr. Noyes has his place, and a good selection such as this is therefore welcome.

H. S.

BOOKS

GENERAL

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TASTE. By E. E. KELLETT. Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

IN this short and well-written book Mr. Kellett shows how taste has changed down the centuries and how often it depends on circumstances which are quite unliterary. Books rise and fall and may revive later; they may be admired for reasons which made no appeal to contemporaries, or foreign critics may discover in them things unperceived by those who have the same birthright in language as the author. Literary "immortality" is a phenomenon as uncertain in its appearance as a ghost. The genius both belongs to his age, the influence of which he cannot escape, and is ahead of his age, not marching smoothly and cautiously with it, like Tennyson.

Considering poets mainly, Mr. Kellett proceeds from Ancient Greece to the nineteenth century and no farther. "Knowing the ferocity of present-day writers," he confines himself to those who are safely dead. But he has a hit at the critics of today who dogmatize and prophesy with such confidence. The first chapter, on "Variation in Literary Taste," explains well the changes, though it does not seem particularly happy to say that "the Armada called a Spenser and a Shakespeare into existence," since the latter ignored the great seafight. It might have been well to note that ancient Greece was quite free from the disturbing varieties of judgment provided by foreign criticism. The estimate of Euripides as among the greatest or a botcher is chosen to exhibit the changes to which critical taste is subject. The Romans being, like ourselves, a practical people, show, as is remarked, that taste in letters is mixed up with morals, politics, and social life. They produced, it may be noted, in Quintilian a critic many of whose verdicts are sound and applauded today. Mr. Kellett seems to think that *res*, a prosy word, was compelled by Virgil "to wear a pathos and a splendour which it had not before" in "sunt lacrimæ rerum." But surely Lucretius had already made *res* amply poetical, and both Ovid and Virgil repeat the "cunctando restituit rem" Ennius used of Fabius. The eighteenth-century meaning of "enthusiasm" might have been clearly set out, e.g. from Johnson's Dictionary.

When we come to the Victorians, we find an apt summary of Tennyson's and Browning's qualities, but little exhibition of the reactions of criticism to these gods of the later Victorians. In fact, we pay a tribute to Mr. Kellett's skill and discernment when we wish that his book had been twice as long and fuller in detail. We hope that all his neat allusions will be understood, such as the "Periclean limits" for women. If it is fair to denounce the priggishness of the Victorian gentleman, we may

equally deplore the ignorance of the Georgian who has taken his place with a very indifferent idea of his responsibilities and of the literature of his country. He knows nothing about "a familiar passage of Selden" concerning the Bible, and the average reader will be equally at a loss.

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY, Nos. 824–828. Dent. 2s. each.

THE latest additions to "Everyman" are all interesting in their way—that is, to special students rather than the general public, though the two volumes of Rabelais have, we learn, been asked for more than once. The "Heroic Deeds of Gargantua and Pantagruel" were fully related and even enlarged by Urquhart, but Rabelais's way of piling up queer words and details does not make for easy reading, particularly in an age which knows little of the ancient classics and medieval learning he cites. Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis provides a capital Introduction. "A Letter from Sydney and other Writings on Colonization" present that odd but distinctly able character, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, a man of remarkable influence in his day. "The Rights of Women," with Mill's "On the Subjection of Women," are discussed with unusual fullness by Prof. Catlin, and "Shorter Novels, vol i., Elizabethan and Jacobean," with a general Introduction from the ever-learned pen ot Mr. Saintsbury, brings before the general public for the first time the work of Nashe, Deloney, and Greene, sometimes vivid and sometimes tedious. The Elizabethans had a strong desire for moralizing, which few people want today.

THE HOUSE OF MEMORIES. By BARBARA WILSON. Heinemann. 6s.

THIS evocation of the memories of youth in Paris is charmingly done, as it should be, since it is about charming people who, whether high-born or not, have the distinction and poise of mind so frequently lacking in this restless age. Lady Wilson recovers the delights of visits, of beautiful rooms and delicate fare, and the romance of art. Feminine grace makes its appeal in these pages, the more certainly for never seeking to emphasize itself. It may belong to youth which shines out of ugly clothes, or a serene old age. The gallant, frail, and animated Monsieur Bocher, with centuries of culture behind him, sunned himself in the youth of the family and claimed the big Chesterfield sofa during the summer holidays "as a hostage for our return." In the salon of one countess the old come day by day and are jealous of the younger. They and their grumblings have been pictured lately in "The Coat Without Seam," and we are not surprised to learn that to the uncle who, as First Secretary of the Embassy, introduced the author to the gay world "Maurice Baring was the *enfant gâté*."